HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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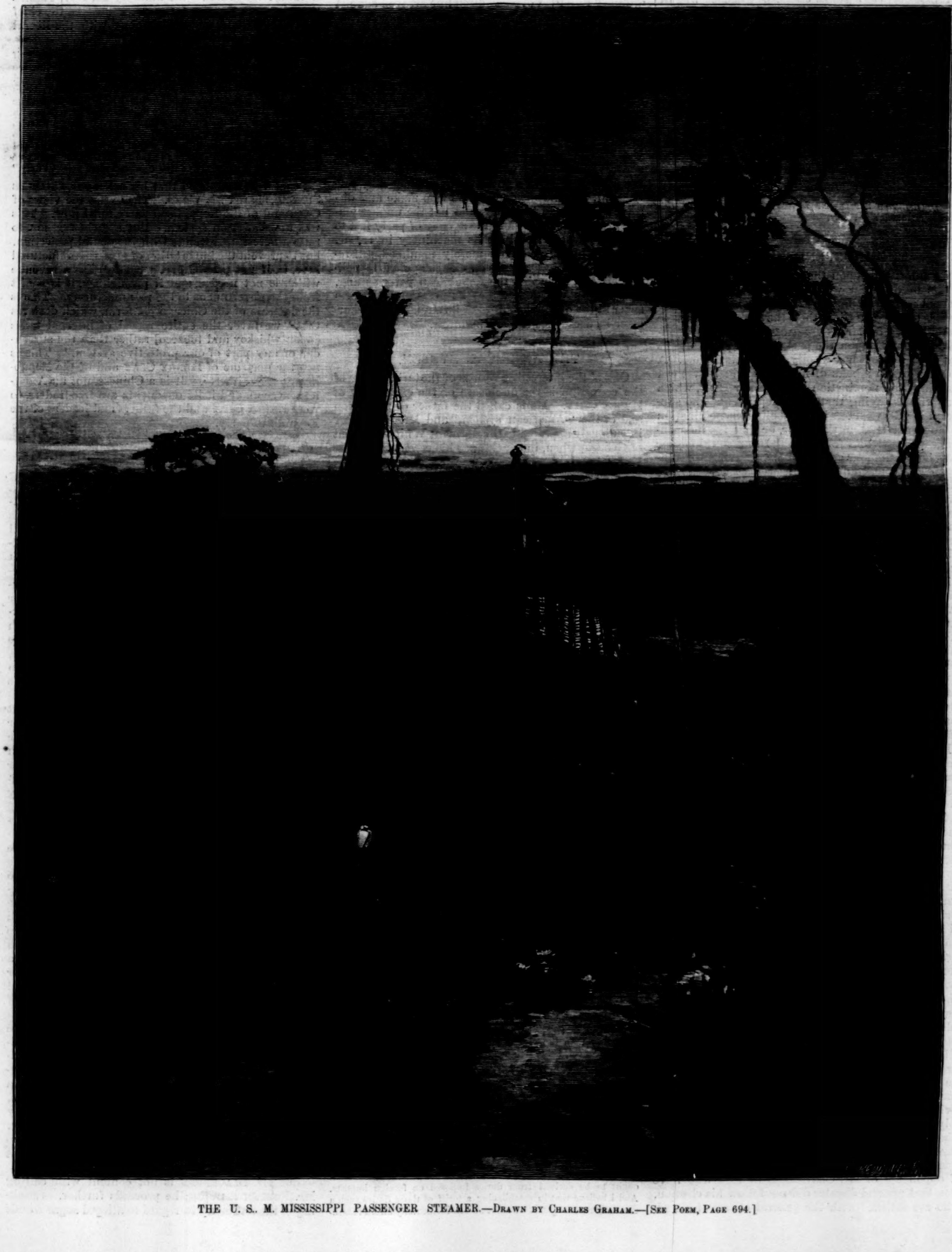

THE U. S. M. MISSISSIPPI PASSENGER STEAMER.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 694.]

"The pattern secular periodical for the young. We can conceive of nothing better calculated to interest and amuse those for whom it is intended."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for September 11th is unusually varied in its contents. It opens with a short story entitled "Theory Bob and Contention," with a front-page illustration by W. H. DRAKE. *Then there are instalments of two serial stories—"Uncle Peter's Trust," by* GEORGE B. PERRY, *and "Chrystal, Jack, & Co.," by* KIRK MUNROE. *Both are illustrated.*

Other contributions are, "The Loss of the 'Swallow,'" by S. G. W. BENJAMIN; *one of* DAVID KER'S *stories of "Boys Who Became Famous"; and a poem by* FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

A SUPPLEMENT

contains a short paper on "The Training of Children's Voices," by LUCY C. LILLIE; *"Clicks as Coin Winners," by* EUGENE N. CAMP; *an article on "The Social Relations of Boys and Girls," by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER; *and a plea for ambidexterity, entitled "Why are Our Hands Unequal?"*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE INDEPENDENT VOTE.

IN commenting upon the statement that the election of this year would be decided by the independent vote, the Boston *Traveller* assumes it to have been an assertion that the independent vote would be cast for Mr. CLEVELAND, and there is a general assumption upon the part of mere party organs that in any case it is a wholly unimportant vote. A Western organ speaks of mugwumps in New York "bolting" the nomination of Governor HILL, which is as wise as saying that the independents who supported Mr. DAVENPORT in 1885 bolted the nomination of Governor HILL in that year, or that the independents who will vote for General HARRISON this year have bolted the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND. Independent voters do not bolt, because they do not acknowledge that kind of party obligation which gives meaning to the phrase. Upon a fair survey of the actual situation they vote for the candidate whose election, upon the whole, in view of all the circumstances, seems to them to promise most for the public welfare. The Boston *Traveller* seems to us greatly mistaken in supposing that this vote will be unimportant. The individual instances which are cited of Democrats who intend to vote for General HARRISON and of Republicans who support Mr. CLEVELAND are illustrations of independent voters. Their votes may be determined largely by interested considerations, but they probably assume the general welfare to be involved in their interests, and the party name and the "regularity" of nomination do not determine their action. They think for themselves without regard to name or caucus or convention, and act accordingly, and that is the essence of political independence.

Independent voters do not constitute a party, and they are a constantly changing body. There are many of them who voted for Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884 who will vote against him this year, and many who opposed him then who will support him now, and both those who will vote as they voted in 1884 and those who will not are equally independent. The difference between them is a difference of judgment as to the results of the election. It is also largely a difference of view upon the question of tariff reform. In 1884 the issue was not a tariff issue. Both parties declared for a revision of the tariff, and the Republican party had not yet reached the point of the Chicago platform of this year. Under the circumstances of that election Republican tariff reformers would have gladly supported Mr. EDMUNDS if he had been nominated, and Republican protectionists did support Mr. CLEVELAND. But whether protectionists first or tariff reformers first, they were all civil service reformers, and they all held the Republican candidate not to be properly fitted for the Presidency. The situation is now totally changed. The chief issue is that of tariff reform, and there has been great disappointment with the Executive course in regard to the civil service. The body of independent voters of 1884 is therefore divided. The larger part, in our opinion, will probably vote for Mr. CLEVELAND, but there are many who were very pronounced in opposition to Mr. BLAINE who for various reasons will now support General HARRISON. Meanwhile there is a large body of opponents of Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884 who have seen that general disaster did not follow his election, who are satisfied with the general course of his administration, who are happily aware of the sound and promising prosperity of the country, who upon the main issue of the campaign agree with the President, and who deprecate the consequences of a party change of administration. This large body will vote for the President.

But whether inclining toward General HARRISON or the President, there is a great multitude of voters who are not properly included within the party classification. They are independent, and they will decide the election. Neither party is strong enough to succeed without them. The loss of New York would be a very serious blow to either party, and no sensible man doubts that in this closely contested State such voters as we have described hold the balance of power. No such man can doubt that the number of such voters is constantly increasing. Their spirit has a powerful representation in the press, and the ordinary resources of party discipline arrayed against that spirit—blackguardism, slander, falsehood, ridicule—are constantly more futile. The growth of this spirit is due, not to the conviction that parties are useless, but to the perception that they easily become tyrants who must be resisted by self-respecting men. Party is useful, as government is useful. But the necessity of government is not a plea for despotism, and the convenience of party is not a reason for unmanly servility to it. The fact that there are good men in a party is not an argument for voting for unworthy candidates or for supporting unwise measures. Independent voters are reviled for discrediting party agency in a government conducted by party. But it is independent voters who make and dissolve parties, and it is they, and not the unquestioning party voter, who hold the agency of party fast to its true purpose and keep its machinery in repair. Political independence is merely manhood, self-respect, and the individual conscience applied to politics. From this spirit the Republican party sprang, and just in the degree that its press and platform sneer at the original sources of its strength and character its decadence is made manifest.

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM.

ONE of the interesting results of the tariff debate of the campaign is the disclosure of the exact view of HENRY CLAY. He is called the father of protection and of the "American system," and Mr. McKINLEY ingeniously appealed to the dormant Whig sentiment of Georgia when, in concluding his recent speech, he said, "Let us be Americans." What, then, was "the American system?" Mr. HUGH McCULLOCH, one of the soundest of American financiers, in his letter to the Philadelphia tariff reform meeting last January, wrote as a political disciple of Mr. CLAY, and no man living is a more authoritative expounder of CLAY'S views. Mr. McCULLOCH wrote:

"What is now imperatively required for the promotion of the best interests of the country, and the whole country, are such changes in the tariff as will make it a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection—a tariff by which the highest duties consistent with revenue will be imposed upon the articles that come into competition with our own manufactures; such a tariff as was advocated half a century ago by the supporters of what was known as the "American system"; such a tariff as HENRY CLAY, whose disciple I was, would advocate if he were living. Large revenues must always be derived from duties upon imports, and these duties, if judiciously imposed, would never fail to give to home manufacturers all the protection which they might need to enable them to compete with foreigners in our own markets, and at the same time to open a way for free-trade with other nations, especially with the South American states."

How correctly the disciple reports the teacher is shown by a letter of Mr. CLAY'S to Judge BEVERLEY TUCKER, of Virginia, dated at Ashland, October 10, 1839. The letter is published in *The Letters and Times of the Tylers*, and the author of that work says that the original letter was then (in 1884) in the possession of a daughter of Judge TUCKER'S, Mrs. CYNTHIA COLEMAN, of Williamsburg:

"Since my return home I have received the letter which you addressed to me on the 10th ult. Mr. WISE correctly reported to you the opinion I entertained on the several public matters mentioned in your letter: 1st. That I think the compromise of the tariff ought to be maintained without violation. I have invariably defended it when assailed in the Senate, and declared my purpose to abide by it. When attacked it has been by gentlemen from the North professing to be friendly to Southern interests, or by Colonel BENTON, or by gentlemen from the South. I have supposed the South much more interested than the North in keeping that controversy closed by the compromise. In the origin of the protective policy it was never supposed by me or by others of its friends, as far as I know their views, that it was to be permanent. We intended it to be temporary, so as to enable the American manufacturers to get through their infancy, and to maintain something like an equal competition with the foreign. If asked at that period whether we required a longer duration to the policy than the year 1843, when the compromise will take complete effect, I think no one would have demanded it."

In the *Life of Henry Clay* by EPES SARGENT there is a letter to S. F. BRONSON, of Georgia, dated September 13, 1843, in which Mr. CLAY states his views fully. He says:

"The sum and substance of what I conceive to be the true policy of the United States in respect to a tariff may be briefly stated. In conformity with the principle announced in the Compromise Act, I think that whatever revenue is necessary to an economical and honest administration of the general government ought to be derived from duties imposed on foreign imports. And I believe that in establishing a tariff of those duties such a discrimination ought to be made as will incidentally afford reasonable protection to our national interests. I think there is no danger of a high tariff being ever established; that of 1828 was eminently deserving that denomination. I was not in Congress when it passed, and did not vote for it; but with its history and with the circumstances which gave it birth I am well acquainted. They were highly discreditable to American legislation, and I hope, for its honor, will never be repeated....

"My opinion that there is no danger hereafter of a high tariff is founded on the gratifying fact that our manufactures have now taken a deep root. In their infancy they needed a greater measure of protection; but as they grow and advance they acquire strength and stability, and consequently will require less protection. Even now some branches of them are able to maintain in distant markets successful competition with rival foreign manufactures."

This was the Whig doctrine of protection, and it was the sound Republican view as late as the Presidency of GARFIELD and of ARTHUR. GARFIELD'S epigram, "I am for a protection which leads to ultimate free-trade," was CLAY'S doctrine of protection of infant industries. On January 26, 1857, HENRY WILSON, then Senator from Massachusetts, the chief Republican State, said, in harmony with the liberal and moderate tariff views of CLAY:

"The people of New England, Mr. President, and especially of Massachusetts, are very extensively engaged in the manufacture of articles in which wool, hemp, flax, silk, lead, tin, brass, iron, and hides are largely consumed. It is for their interest that the duties on these articles should be merely nominal, or that they should be duty free. If our manufactures are to increase to keep pace with our population and the growing wants of our people, if we are to have the control of the markets of our own country, if we are to meet with and compete with the manufactures of England and other nations of western Europe in the markets of the world, we must have our raw materials duty free or at a mere nominal duty."

Senator WILSON said that his colleague, CHARLES SUMNER, shared his views. They were the views of CLAY and of the Republican party until now. This was the American system. But a tariff tax, not to raise a necessary revenue with incidental protection, but to prevent the importation of goods manufactured here, is, if not prohibitory, a tax to raise a revenue which is not needed, and if prohibitory, it is a gift from the government to the manufacturers. This is the doctrine of the Chicago platform, which declares that "we favor the entire repeal of internal taxes [upon whiskey and tobacco] rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system." This is not the doctrine of HENRY CLAY and of the Republican party hitherto. It is a Chinese, not an American system, and if its opponents are free-traders, so were HENRY CLAY and the fathers and leaders of the Republican party.

AN ABUSE OF SENATORIAL PRIVILEGE.

IN one of the most unmannerly and unbecoming harangues that have been made in the Senate for a long time, Senator BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, recently greatly abused his place and his privilege. It was in a conversational debate upon the Sundry Civil Appropriations Bill that the Senator wantonly insulted a citizen of character as fair as his own. That Senator BLACKBURN should speak of the Civil Service Reform Law as "the greatest and grandest political abortion, in my judgment, that ever afflicted or cursed mankind," is a matter of no importance, except as an exhibition of the absurd manner in which a Senator of the United States speaks of a moderate measure of legislation which he does not approve, and except also that he was speaking of a reform with which the President, belonging to the Senator's party, is especially identified, owing his election, indeed, to the fact of his interest in this "greatest and grandest political abortion that ever afflicted or cursed mankind." The most serious censure of the President springs from his apparent deference upon this subject to politicians of his party like Senator BLACKBURN, and as long as such politicians are leaders of the party, it will justly repel the sympathy of the most intelligent sentiment in the country.

But when Senator BLACKBURN, leaving his objurgations of reform, proceeds to stigmatize certain gentlemen who have given evidence before a committee of which he is a member, he transcends entirely the limits of decency, and if he could not be called to order in the Senate, he can certainly be called to order in the newspaper. In alluding to Mr. HALE, the chairman of an investigating committee of which Mr. BLACKBURN is a member, the Senator said: "He took the testimony without the administration of an oath, and accepted the unsworn statements of a tramp." This allusion, as is known, is intended for Mr. FOULKE, of Indiana, the President of the Civil Service Reform Association of that State, and one of the most energetic and efficient friends of reform in the country. Among his good works is the exposure of the outrageous mismanagement of charitable institutions in Indiana under the control of fellow-partisans of Mr. BLACKBURN, who hold his views of reform. It is not surprising that the re-election of a President believed by Mr. FOULKE and his friends, but, as we think, incorrectly believed, to be wholly under the influence of the BLACKBURNS of his party, should be warmly opposed in Indiana by those who regard reform in the civil service as the paramount issue in the election.

But Mr. BLACKBURN is not content with calling Mr. FOULKE a tramp; he proceeds further. Speaking of the testimony in regard to alleged sugar frauds

in New York, he says that as a Senator he will ask every honest colleague "whether he is satisfied that both of those sugar thieves, those brothers on whom the case turned, ought not to have been borne into the penitentiary instead of being put into high and responsible office by a Republican administration." This brand of thief is imposed by a Senator in his place upon two gentlemen of character hitherto unassailed, one of them an expert concededly of great accomplishment, whose professional opinion in the alleged cases of doubt was sustained by the most unquestionable scientific authority. Neither of them is a politician, and they are not permitted to know the grounds of suspicion aimed at their good name. Under the circumstances, the conduct of Senator BLACKBURN toward men who cannot defend themselves, because they do not know the accusation, is despicable. If there be evidence to justify the Senator's public charge that two recent employés of the government are sugar thieves, the government is derelict in its duty if it does not prosecute them. If there be no such evidence, the offence of Senator BLACKBURN is monstrous. Neither his party nor its administration can possibly gain by such a performance as his recent speech.

TO PUBLIC EMPLOYÉS.

THE employés of the government may now expect to receive polite but urgent invitations to send voluntary contributions for "the legitimate expenses of the campaign." There is a law bearing upon this subject which all public employés who receive such invitations from other public employés and officers may wisely consider. It is a law designed to protect employés, to increase the efficiency of the service, and to promote honest politics. Its second section declares

"that no person in the public service is for that reason under any obligation to contribute to any political fund or to render any political service, and that he will not be removed or otherwise prejudiced for refusing to do so."

Its fourteenth section provides

"that no officer, clerk, or other person in the service of the United States shall, *directly or indirectly*, give or hand over to any other officer, clerk, or person in the service of the United States, or to any Senator, or member of the House of Representatives, or Territorial Delegate, any money or other valuable thing on account of or to be applied to the promotion of any political object whatever."

The violation of the law is punishable by fine and imprisonment.

The first of the revised civil service rules, approved by the President February 2, 1888, which went into effect March 1, 1888, provides that

"Any officer in the executive civil service who shall use his official authority or influence for the purpose of interfering with an election or controlling the results thereof, or who shall dismiss, or cause to be dismissed, or use influence of any kind to procure the dismissal of any person from any place in the said service because such person has refused to be coerced in his political action, or has refused to contribute money for political purposes, or has refused to render political service; and any officer, clerk, or other employé in the executive service who shall wilfully violate any of these rules, or any of the provisions of sections 11, 12, 13, and 14 of the act entitled 'An act to regulate and improve the civil service of the United States,' approved January 16, 1883, shall be dismissed from office."

This law and the rule, we repeat, are intended to protect the public employés by preventing a system of black-mail. They are a moral contract between the Executive who approved and promulgated the rule and the employé of the government that he shall not be removed for refusing such payment, and that an attempt on his part to extort money for such purposes from other employés shall cause his dismissal. Such attempts are levies of black-mail because they are made under an implied threat of removal, and the money extorted becomes the price of the place. As Chief-Justice WAITE said in the opinion of the Supreme Court upon this point:

"A feeling of independence under the law conduces to faithful public service, and nothing tends more to take away this feeling than the dread of dismissal."

THE YELLOW-FEVER.

THE outbreak of yellow-fever in Jacksonville has been a great calamity, and the situation is made more painful by the preventive measures which are necessary to protect the rest of the country. The same paramount necessity which compels the quarantine of all persons coming from infected ports in Europe justifies the similar detention of those who leave Jacksonville during the epidemic. The action of Surgeon-General HAMILTON in enforcing quarantine has been bitterly denounced by those who have been affected by his order, but his statement to the public is a complete justification, if any justification were needed.

Dr. HAMILTON says that there was no restriction upon departure from the city so long as the disease was limited to certain quarters, but when the whole city became infected some restraint was indispensable. The government has not drawn a sanitary line about the city, but it has opened a camp of refuge in a high and healthy locality, where rations are furnished free to those who are detained, and other necessary precautions have been taken.

The Surgeon-General mentions the calamitous consequences of the extension of the pestilence by unrestricted travel ten years ago. He says: "It may be a fearful alternative to compel persons from Jacksonville to remain within a camp of refuge for a period of ten days before being allowed to go at will, but that alternative is humane in comparison with the results which would follow the admission of the contagion into all the seaports and Southern cities, each of which in a short time would itself become a new centre of infection." There can be no doubt whatever that his action is approved by the intelligent sentiment of the country.

The situation is one that strongly appeals to the sympathy of the American public. The plague, instead of dying out, is alarmingly on the increase, and the calls for aid are strongly emphasized from day to day. Not only are the sick to be provided for, but also thousands of well people who are without means of self-support, and who must suffer unless promptly relieved. Already very generous responses to the call have been made from various sections of the country. Contributions of money, food, and clothing are going forward daily. But there is urgent need of more, and no time to be lost in sending it. The Mayors of New York and Brooklyn are receiving cash subscriptions, and the following transportation companies forward clothing or other necessaries without charge: T. S. DUMONT, Northern Superintendent of the Florida Railroad and Navigation Company, 391 Broadway; J. E. HASSEGER, Savannah, Florida, and Western Railroad, No. 261 Broadway; THEODORE S. EGEN, Traffic Manager Clyde Line, No. 35 Broadway; C. C. DEMING, Jacksonville, Tampa, and Key West Railroad, No. 10 Wall Street; and the MALLORY Line of steam-ships, Pier No. 20 East River.

LAST WORDS.

THERE is a great deal of solemn humbug about the last words of conspicuous men. But no words of this kind which are reported are more amusingly unmeaning than those attributed to General HARRISON. At the time of his death they were printed in black lines, and were reverently conned by Whigs as pathetically impressive words of wisdom: "I wish you to understand the true principles of the government; I wish them carried out. I wish [or ask] nothing more."

That the dying words attributed to men were ever uttered is always very doubtful, and Mr. F. P. POWERS, in *America*, says that Dr. MILLER, who was present at the death of President HARRISON, told a gentleman now living, who told Mr. POWERS, that HARRISON said nothing whatever, but that the words were invented for effect. Mr. POWERS naturally points out the absurdity of the remark. Everybody, of course, wants everybody else to understand the true principles of the government, and to carry them out. But the dying Whig President is not reported to have specified those principles, nor to have indicated the measures by which they could be carried out.

The gravity with which they were received at the time and have been repeated ever since is very comical; and if the tale of their invention be true, the gentleman, "now one of the best-known citizens of the capital," must have had a great deal of fun in reading the impressive page of his country's history which describes the first death of a President in office.

HUMOR IN THE CAMPAIGN.

GENERAL BANKS enters upon the contest for a nomination to Congress with much more than his usual humor. The General "goes" Mr. CHANDLER and Mr. INGALLS "better" by a great deal.

"The existence of such industrial institutions as enable the people to maintain republican forms of government anywhere seem to be threatened here. The agents and the quasi allies in this industrial crusade are the same that were in apparent cooperation or combination against the government of the republic during the rebellion, and their success now in the attempt to crush the prolific and marvellously prosperous industries which enable the people to support themselves and defend their government would go far to reverse the results of the war. The pending election is of the greatest importance. If it gives the power of the government to the South, another such victory would make it permanent, and an appeal to arms sooner or later would be inevitable. It is worth the utmost possible effort and the greatest sacrifice to obtain the result. The civilized world will be our debtors if we secure it."

The question which, as the humorous General declares, involves these awful results and lays mankind under obligations, is whether we shall impose a tariff tax of forty or of forty-seven per cent.

FURTHER EXPLANATIONS.

MR. BLAINE has explained again. He said at Portland:

"Well, I shall not discuss Trusts this afternoon. I shall not venture to say that they are altogether advantageous or disadvantageous. They are largely private affairs, with which neither President CLEVELAND nor any private citizen has any particular right to interfere."

He said also:

"England, with her free-trade system, is literally plastered over with Trusts."

The general protest against what the Chicago *Tribune*, a supporter of General HARRISON, called this "flippant and superficial" treatment of the question which placed Mr. BLAINE in direct opposition to the Republican platform compelled him to explain at Foxcroft.

His explanation consists in comparing English combinations to maintain prices with American Trusts, and in asserting that our Trusts derive all the sanction of law which they enjoy from the States and not from the national government. But Trusts have no proper sanction of law, and if they had they would not be private affairs. Trusts are combinations of protected manufacturers, not in a State, but in all the States, which are able to destroy competition and determine prices because of high protection, and such a combination is of course impossible in England, where there is no similar protective system.

Mr. SHERMAN, who is as high an authority as Mr. BLAINE upon the subject, says that "the Sugar Trust, which is one of the most dangerous and wrongful Trusts ever organized in this country," grows "out of revenue laws," and "can certainly be reached by the operation of our revenue laws." The Republican Chicago *Tribune* declares that "the ultra tariff tax is their sole support," and asks: "If Trusts would be possible in this country under a reduced tariff, why is it that the HAVEMEYER combination is fighting any reduction of the sugar tax? Why is it that Mr. CARNEGIE, the head of the Steel Trust, opposes any reduction of the steel tax?" Mr. BLAINE's explanation not only does not explain, but it does not bring him into accord with the Chicago platform, for he declines to say whether he regards them as advantageous or disadvantageous, while the platform declares the party opposition to them. It cannot be truly said that the speeches of Mr. BLAINE thus far have been of service to General HARRISON.

THE CHINESE FLURRY.

ONE of the strong arguments for a single and longer Presidential term is the tendency to involve the foreign relations of the country in the national election. There are plainly "politics" in the Retaliation message and in the sudden action upon Chinese immigration. They both have in view the result in November, as well as the real and permanent interests of the country. The latter action especially was undignified, hasty, and unjust, because practically it annulled an existing compact, but the vote in the House was unanimous.

The cancellation of treaty stipulations providing for the entry of certain foreigners into the country under certain conditions had been submitted to China, when, upon the mere rumor that China had refused to ratify the proposition, a law prohibiting the entry was suddenly passed by the House. Without raising the question of the desirability of such exclusion, there was certainly no reason whatever for such precipitate action, taken without authentic knowledge of the situation. If the exclusion law was passed upon the assumption that the treaty had been rejected, and it should appear after all that it had been ratified, our position would be ridiculous.

The action is discreditable to Congress, and it is due to the maelstrom of the election, which affects both Congressional and Executive action. Under the influence of party spirit the conduct of the government becomes a mere game to win votes. The unanimity of opinion in the House does not show a general agreement that the bill adopted was wise or really expedient; it merely shows that neither party was willing to run the risk of losing the vote of the Pacific slope. But it is not such reasons that should determine, without the pretence of deliberation, Congressional action upon important public questions.

PERSONAL.

A VETERAN New York newspaper man who has accompanied Judge THURMAN on his recent journeyings says that not only is the Old Roman a prince of good-nature, but that his conversation is one continual intellectual scintillation. There is a flash and sparkle imparted to every subject that he discusses.

—San Antonio, out in California, boasts the littlest baby ever born. It is the son of ALFRED MAGUIRE, a railroad brakeman, and when born it weighed only sixteen ounces. A pint cup covered it. The father and mother are both well proportioned.

—HANSON CRAIG, of Kentucky, claims to be the heaviest man in the world. He weighs 792 pounds, and it takes 37 yards of cloth to make him a suit of clothes. He weighed 206 pounds when he was two years old. His father weighed 115 pounds, and his mother 122.

—The statue of WILLIAM PENN which is to surmount the tower of Philadelphia's new City Hall will be the largest bronze figure ever cast, being thirty-seven feet in height.

—FRANK STOCKTON has been enrolled as a member of a New Jersey Democratic campaign club.

—London's latest fashionable subscription is one whose aim is to raise a fund to build an addition to Westminster Abbey, so that future great men shall not be overcrowded when they die.

—An American base-ball team is going to Australia on a starring tour.

—DAVID LYON, of Denver, Colorado, has the most curious collection of pens in the world. He has over seven hundred different varieties, showing the styles of all lands and of all ages.

—Rheumatism is harassing HENRY IRVING.

—A New York watch dealer has imported from Switzerland the smallest watch ever made. The dial and works are just the size of a silver half-dime, but it is a complete watch in every respect, being a stem winder, stem setter, and full jewelled. Other watches have been made quite as small as this, only they have always hitherto had their size through the omission of part of the works.

—Twenty years ago JOSIAH P. GRISWOLD left his home at Madison, Connecticut, with only $2 50 in his pocket. He had failed at everything he undertook. Last week he turned up in Madison to look over the scenes of his younger days. He came in his private car. He has made a million of dollars through his own enterprise in the West.

—The arrangement of a pension for the widow of General SHERIDAN points the fact that the widows of four of our Presidents—POLK, TYLER, GRANT, and GARFIELD—are receiving the government remembrance of $5000 a year each, while the widows of three Major-Generals—BLAIR, HANCOCK, and LOGAN—are receiving $2000.

—Twenty-two hitherto unpublished letters of CHARLES DICKENS are promised this fall by an English magazine.

—A number of Short-horn and Hereford cattle have been sold by Queen VICTORIA from her herds for exportation to the United States.

—Attorney-General GARLAND will devote next month to shooting deer in the forests of Arkansas. If public business were less pressing, President CLEVELAND would take a hand in the sport too.

—Fifteen dollars a month, his wages as a hardware clerk, was, when he was twenty-one years old, the whole fortune of JAMES MCMILLAN, who is now foremost millionaire of Michigan.

—One of the most interesting and valuable of eclectic magazines is the monthly periodical recently established (the number for July was its first issue) under the name of *Current Literature: a Magazine of Record and Review*, edited by Mr. F. M. SOMERS, who is ably assisted by Mr. ALFRED BALCH. Within its ninety-six pages (*Saturday Review* size) it includes a copious variety of happy selections from current publications—newspapers and magazines. The plan of this periodical is original. While many of the selections stand by themselves, the majority are grouped together under appropriate headings, so as to constitute departments. The editorial gossip and reflection running through and connecting all this timely and entertaining matter give it not only unity, but additional interest.

AN EXTERIOR VIEW.

AN UNPENSIONED VETERAN OF THE ARMY OF LABOR.

AN OLD MINER'S HOME.

LABOR IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 691.]

HON. ALLEN G. THURMAN IN NEW YORK—ONE OF THE OVERFLOW MEETINGS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—[See Page 691.]

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Allan Quatermain," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE COLONEL GOES OUT SHOOTING.

The next morning was fine and still, one of those lovely autumn days of which we get four or five in the course of a season. After breakfast Harold Quaritch strolled down his garden, stood himself against a gate to the right of Dead Man's Mount, and looked at the scene. All about him, their foliage yellowing to its fall, were the giant oaks, which were the pride of the country-side, and so quiet was the air that not a leaf upon them stirred. The only sounds that reached his ears were the tapping of the nuthatches as they sought their food in the rough crannies of the bark, and the occasional falling of a rich ripe acorn from its lofty place on to the frosted grass beneath. The sunshine shone bright, but with a chastened heat, the squirrels scrambled up the oaks, and high in the blue air the rooks pursued their path. It was a beautiful morning, for summer is never more sweet than on its death-bed, and yet it filled him with solemn thoughts. How many autumns had those old trees seen, and how many would they still see, long after his eyes had lost their sight? And if they were old, how old was the Dead Man's Mount there to his left? Old indeed, for he had discovered it was mentioned in Doomsday-Book by that name. And what was it—a boundary hill, a natural formation, or, as its name implied, a funeral barrow? He had half a mind to dig one day and find out—that is, if he could get anybody to dig for him, for the people about Honham were so firmly convinced that Dead Man's Mount was haunted—a reputation that it had had from time immemorial—that nothing would have persuaded them to touch it.

He contemplated the great mound carefully without coming to any conclusion, and then looked at his watch. It was a quarter to ten, time for him to start for the castle for the day's shooting; so he got his guns and cartridges, and in due course arrived at the castle, to find George and several myrmidons, in the shape of beaters and boys, already standing in the yard.

"Please, Colonel, the Squire hopes you'll go in and have a glass of something before you start," said George; so accordingly he went, not to "have a glass of something," but on the chance of seeing Ida. In the vestibule he found the old gentleman busily engaged in writing an enormous letter.

"Hullo, Colonel," he holloaed, without getting up; "glad to see you! Excuse me for a few moments, will you; I want to get this off my mind. Here, Ida! Ida! Ida!" he shouted; "here's Colonel Quaritch."

"Good gracious, father," said that young lady, arriving in a hurry, "you are bringing the house down!" and then she turned round and greeted Harold. It was the first time that they had met since the eventful evening described a chapter or two back, so the occasion might be considered a little awkward; at any rate he felt it so.

"How do you do, Colonel Quaritch?" she said, quite simply, giving him her hand. There was nothing in the words, and yet he felt that he was very welcome. For when a woman really loves, there is about her an atmosphere of softness and tender meaning which cannot be mistaken. Sometimes it is only perceptible to the favored individual himself, but more generally is to be discerned by any person of ordinary shrewdness. A very short course of observation in general society will convince the reader of the justice of this observation; and when once he gets to know the signs of the weather he will probably light upon more love affairs than were ever meant for his investigation.

This softness, or atmospheric influence, or subdued glow of affection radiating from a light within, was clearly enough visible in Ida that morning, and certainly it made our friend the Colonel unspeakably happy to see it.

"Are you fond of shooting?" she asked presently.

"Yes, very, and have been all my life."

"Are you a good shot?" she asked again.

"I call that a rude question," he answered, smiling.

"Yes, it is, but I want to know."

"Well," said Harold, "I suppose that I am pretty fair, that is, at rough shooting; I have never had much practice at driven birds and that kind of sport."

"I am glad of that."

"Why, it does not much matter. One goes out shooting for the sport of the thing."

"Yes, I know; but Mr. Edward Cossey," and she shrank visibly as she uttered the name, "is coming, and he is a *very* good shot, and *very* conceited about it. I want you to beat him if you can; will you try?"

"Well," said Harold, "I don't at all like shooting against a man. It is not sportsman-like, you know; and besides, if Mr. Cossey is a crack shot, I dare say that I shall be nowhere; but I will shoot as well as I can."

"Do you know, it is very feminine, but I would give anything to see you beat him," and she nodded and laughed, whereupon Harold Quaritch vowed in his heart that if it in him lay he would not disappoint her.

At that moment Edward Cossey's fast-trotting horse drew up at the door with a prodigious crunching of gravel, and Edward himself entered, looking very handsome and rather pale. He was admirably dressed—that is to say, his shooting clothes were beautifully made and very new-looking, and so were his boots, and so was his hat, and so were his hammerless guns, of which he brought a pair. There exists a certain class of sportsmen who always appear to have just walked out of a sporting tailor's shop, and to this class Edward Cossey belonged. Everything about him was of the best and newest and most expensive kind possible; even his guns were just down from Purdey's, and the best that could be had for love or money, having cost exactly a hundred and forty guineas the pair. Indeed, he presented a curious contrast to his rival. The Colonel had certainly nothing new-looking about *him*—an old tweed coat, an old hat with a piece of gut still twined round it, a sadly frayed bag full of brown cartridges, and, last of all, an old gun with all the brown wore off the barrels, original cost £17 10s. And yet there was no possibility of making any mistake as to which of the two looked more of a gentleman, or, indeed, more of a sportsman.

Edward Cossey shook hands with Ida, but when the Colonel was advancing to give him his hand, he turned and spoke to the Squire, who had at length finished his letter, so that no greeting passed between them. At the time Harold did not know if this move was or was not accidental.

Presently they started, Edward Cossey attended by his man with the second gun.

"Hullo! Cossey," sang out the Squire after him, "it isn't much use your bringing two guns for this sort of work. I don't preserve much here, you know, at least not now. You will only get a dozen cock pheasants and a few brace of partridges."

"Oh, thank you," he answered; "I always like to have a second gun in case I should want it. It's no trouble, you know."

"All right," said the Squire. "Ida and I will come down with the luncheon to the spinney. Good-by."

After crossing the moat, Edward Cossey walked by himself, followed by his man and a very fine retriever, and the Colonel talked to George, who was informing him that Mr. Cossey was a "pretty shot, he was, but rather snappy over it," till they came to a field of white turnips.

"Now, gentlemen, if you please," said George, "we will walk through these here turnips. I put two coveys of birds in here myself, and it's rare good 'lay' for them; so I think that we had better see if they will let us come up to them."

Accordingly they started down the field, the Colonel on the right, George in the middle, and Edward Cossey on the left.

Before they had gone ten yards an old Frenchman got up in the front of one of the beaters and wheeled round past Edward, who cut him over in first-rate style.

From that one bird the Colonel could see that the man was a quick and clever shot. Presently, however, a leash of English birds rose rather awkwardly at about forty paces straight in front of Edward Cossey, and Harold noticed that he left them alone, never attempting to fire at them. The fact was that he was one of those shooters who never take a hard shot if they can avoid it, being always in terror lest they should miss it, and so reduce their average.

Then George, who was a very fair shot of the "poking" order, fired both barrels and got a bird, and Edward Cossey got another. It was not till they were getting to the end of the last beat that Harold got a chance of letting off his gun. Suddenly, however, a brace of old birds sprang up out of the turnips in front of him at about thirty yards, as swiftly as though they had been ejected from a mortar, and made off, one to the right and one to the left, both of them rising shots. He got the right-hand bird, and then, turning, killed the other also, when it was more than fifty yards away.

The Colonel felt satisfied, for the shots were very good. Mr. Cossey opened his eyes and wondered if it was a fluke; and George ejaculated, "Well, that's a master one."

After this they pursued their course, picking up another two brace of birds on the way to the outlying cover, a wood of about twenty acres, through which they were to brush. It was a good holding wood for pheasants, but lay on the outside of the Honham estate, where they were liable to be poached by the farmers whose land marched, so George enjoined them particularly not to let anything go.

Into the details of the sport that followed we need not enter, beyond saying that the Colonel, to his huge delight, never shot better in his life. Indeed, with the exception of one rabbit and a hen pheasant that flopped up right beneath his feet, he scarcely missed anything, though he took the shots as they came. Edward Cossey also shot well, and with one exception missed nothing, but then he never took a difficult shot if he could avoid it. The exception was a woodcock which rose in front of George, who was walking down an outside belt with the beaters. He had two barrels at it and missed it, and on it came among the tree-tops, past where Edward Cossey was standing, about half-way down the belt, giving him a difficult chance with the first barrel and a clear one with the second. Bang! bang! and on came the woodcock, flying low, but at tremendous speed, straight at the Colonel's head, a most puzzling shot. However, he fired, and to his joy (and what joy is there like to the joy of a sportsman who has just killed a woodcock which everybody has been popping at?) down it came with a thump almost at his feet.

This was their last beat before lunch, which was now to be seen approaching down a lane in a donkey-cart, convoyed by Ida and the Squire. The latter was advancing in stages of about ten paces, and at every stage he stopped to utter a most fearful roar by way of warning all and sundry that they were not to shoot in his direction. Edward gave his gun to his bearer and at once walked off to join them, but the Colonel went with George to look after two running cocks which he had down, for he was an old-fashioned sportsman, and hated not picking up his game. After some difficulty they found one of the cocks in the hedgerow, but the other they could not find, so reluctantly they gave up the search. When they got to the lane they found the luncheon ready, while one of the beaters was laying out the game for the Squire to inspect. There were fourteen pheasants, four brace and a half of partridges, a hare, three rabbits, and a woodcock.

"Hullo!" said the Squire, "who shot the woodcock?"

"Well, sir," said George, "we all had a pull at him, but the Colonel wiped our eyes."

"Oh, Mr. Cossey," said Ida, in affected surprise; "why, I thought you never missed *anything*."

"Everybody misses sometimes," answered that gentleman, looking uncommonly sulky. "I shall do better this afternoon, when it comes to the driven partridges."

"I don't believe you will," went on Ida, laughing maliciously. "I bet you a pair of gloves that Colonel Quaritch will shoot more driven partridges than you do."

"Done," said Edward Cossey, sharply.

"Now, do you hear that, Colonel Quaritch?" went on Ida. "I have bet Mr. Cossey a pair of gloves that you will kill more partridges this afternoon than he will, so I hope you won't make me lose them."

"Goodness gracious!" said the Colonel, in much alarm. "Why, the last partridge driving that I had was on the slopes of some mountains in Afghanistan. I dare say that I sha'n't hit a haystack. Besides," he said, with some irritation, "I don't like being set up to shoot against people."

"Oh, of course," said Edward, loftily; "if Colonel Quaritch does not like to take it up, there's an end of it."

"Well," said the Colonel, "if you put it in that way I don't mind trying; but I have only one gun, and you have two."

"Oh, that will be all right," said Ida to the Colonel. "You shall have George's gun; he never tries to shoot when they drive partridges, because he cannot hit them. He goes with the beaters. It is a very good gun."

The Colonel took up the gun and examined it. It was of about the same bend and length as his own, but of a better quality, having been once the property of James De la Molle.

"Yes," he said; "but then I haven't got a bearer."

"Never mind. I'll do that; I know all about it. I always used to hold my brother's second gun when we drove partridges, because, he said, I was so much quicker than the men. Look," and she took the gun and rested one knee on the turf. "First position, second position, third position. We used to have regular drills at it," and she sighed.

The Colonel laughed heartily, for it was a curious thing to see this stately woman handling a gun with all the skill and quickness of a practised shot. Besides, as the bearer idea involved a whole afternoon of Ida's society, he certainly was not inclined to negative it. But Edward Cossey did not smile; on the contrary, he positively scowled with jealousy, and was about to make some remark when Ida held up her finger.

"Hush!" she said, "here comes my father" (the Squire had been counting the game). "He hates bets, so you mustn't say anything about our match."

Luncheon went off pretty well, though Edward Cossey did not contribute much to the general conversation. When it was done, the Squire announced that he was going to walk to the other end of the estate, whereon Ida said that she should stop and see something of the shooting, and the fun began.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE END OF THE MATCH.

They began the afternoon with several small drives, but on the whole the birds went very badly. They broke back, went off to one side or the other, and generally misbehaved themselves. In the first drive the Colonel and Edward Cossey got a bird each. In the second drive the latter got three birds, firing five shots, and his antagonist only got a hare and a pheasant that jumped out of a ditch, neither of which, of course, counted anything. Only one brace of birds came his way at all, but, if the truth must be told, he was talking to Ida at the moment, and did not see them till too late.

Then came a longer drive when the birds were pretty plentiful. The Colonel got one, a low-lying Frenchman, which he killed as he toppled the fence, and after that for the life of him he could not touch a feather. Every sportsman knows what a fatal thing it is to begin to miss and then get nervous, and that was what happened to the Colonel. Continually there came distant cries of "*Mark! mark! over!*" followed by the apparition of half a dozen brown balls showing clear against the gray autumn sky and sweeping down toward him like lightning. *Whiz!* in front, overhead, and behind; bang! bang! bang! again went the second gun, and they were away, vanished, gone, leaving nothing but a memory behind them.

The Colonel swore beneath his breath, and Ida, kneeling at his side, groaned audibly; but it was of no use, and presently the drive was done, and there he was, with one wretched French partridge to show for it.

Ida said nothing, but she looked volumes, and if ever a man felt humiliated, Harold Quaritch was that man. She had set her heart upon his winning the match, and he was making an exhibition of himself that might have caused a schoolboy to blush.

Only Edward Cossey smiled grimly as he told his bearer to give the two and a half brace which he had shot to George.

"Last drive this next, gentlemen," said that universal functionary, as he surveyed the Colonel's one Frenchman, and then glancing sadly at the telltale pile of empty cartridge cases, added, "You'll have to shoot up, Colonel, this time, if you are going to win them gloves for Miss Ida. Mr. Cossey has knocked up four brace and a half, and you have only got a brace. Look you here, sir," he went on, in a portentous whisper, "keep forrard of them, well forrard, fire ahead, and down they'll come. You're a better shot than he is, long way; you could give him 'birds,' sir, that you could, and beat him."

Harold said nothing. He was sorely tempted to make excuses, as any man would have been, and he might with truth have urged that he was not accustomed to partridge driving, and that one of the guns was new to him. But he resisted manfully, and said never a word.

George placed the two guns, and then went off to join the beaters. It was a capital spot for a drive, for on each side were young larch plantations, sloping down toward them like a V, the guns being at the narrow end, and level with the ends of the plantations, which were at this spot about a hundred and twenty yards apart. In front was a large stretch of open fields, lying in such a fashion that the birds were bound to fly straight over the guns, and between the gap at the end of the V-shaped covers.

They had to wait a long while, for the beat was of considerable extent, and this they did in silence, till presently a couple of single birds appeared coming down the wind, for a stiffish breeze had sprung up like lightning. One went to the left, over Edward Cossey's head, and he shot it very neatly, but the other, catching sight of Harold's hat beneath the fence, which was not a very high one, swerved and crossed an almost impossible shot nearer sixty than fifty yards from him.

"Now," said Ida, and he fired, and to his joy down came the bird with a thud, bounding full two feet into the air with the force of its impact, being indeed shot through the head.

"That's better," said Ida, as she handed him the second gun.

Another moment and a covey came over, high up. He fired both barrels and got a right and left, and snatching the second gun sent another barrel after them, hitting a third bird, which did not fall. And then a noble enthusiasm and certainty possessed him, and he knew that he should miss no more. Nor did he. With two almost impossible exceptions he dropped every bird that drive. But his crowning glory, a thing whereof he still often dreams, was yet to come.

He had killed four brace of partridge and fired twelve times, when at last the beaters made their appearance about two hundred yards away at the further end of rather dirty barley stubble.

"I think that is the lot," he said. "I'm afraid that you have lost your gloves, Ida."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when there was a yell of "mark!" and a strong covey of birds appeared swooping down the wind right on to him.

On they came, scattered and rather "stringy," and Harold gripped his gun and drew a deep breath, while Ida, kneeling at his side, her lips apart, and her beautiful eyes wide open, watched their advent through a space in the hedge. Lovely enough she looked to charm the heart out of any man, if a man out partridge driving could descend to such frivolity, which we hold to be impossible.

Now is the moment. The leading brace are something over fifty yards away, and he knows full well that if there is to be a chance left for the second gun he must shoot before they are five yards nearer.

"Bang!" down comes the old cock bird; "bang!" and his mate follows him, falling with a smash into the fence.

Quick as light Ida takes the empty gun with one hand and passes him the cocked and loaded one with the other. "Bang!" Another bird topples head-first out of the thinned covey. They are nearly sixty yards away now. "Bang!" again, and oh—joy and wonder!—the last bird turns right over backward, and falls dead as a stone some seventy paces from the muzzle of the gun.

He had killed four birds out of a single driven covey, which, as shooters well know, is a feat not often done even by the best driving shots.

"Bravo!" said Ida; "I was sure that you could shoot if you chose."

"Yes," he answered, "it was pretty good work;" and he commenced collecting the birds, for by this time the beaters were across the field. They were all dead, not a runner in the lot, and there were exactly six brace of them. Just as he picked up the last, George arrived, followed by Edward Cossey.

"Well, I never," said the former, while something resembling a smile stole over his melancholy countenance; "that's the masterest bit of shooting that ever I did see. Lord Walsingham couldn't beat that himself—fourteen shots and twelve birds picked up. Why," and he turned to Edward, "bless me, sir, if I don't believe the Colonel has won them gloves for Miss Ida after all. Let's see, sir; you got two brace this last drive and one the first, and a leash the second, and two brace and a half the third—six and a half brace in all. And the Colonel, yes, he has seven brace—one bird to the good."

"There, Mr. Cossey," said Ida, smiling sweetly, "I have won my gloves. Mind you don't forget to pay them."

"Oh, I will not forget, Miss De la Molle," said he, smiling also, but not too prettily.

"I suppose," he said, addressing the Colonel, "that that last covey twisted up, and you browned them."

"No," he answered, quietly; "all four were clear shots."

Mr. Cossey smiled again an incredulous smile, which somehow sent Harold Quaritch's blood leaping through his veins more quickly than was good for him, and turned away to hide his vexation. He would rather have lost a thousand pounds than that his adversary should have got that extra bird, for not only was he a jealous shot, but he knew perfectly well that Ida was anxious that he

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should lose, and desired above all things to see him humiliated. And then he, the smartest shot within ten miles round, to be beaten by a middle-aged soldier shooting with a strange gun, and totally unaccustomed to driving! Why, the story would be told over the county. His anger was so great when he thought of it that, afraid of making himself ridiculous, he set off with his bearer toward the castle without another word, leaving the others to follow.

Ida looked after him and smiled. "He is so conceited," she said, "he cannot bear to be beaten at anything."

"I think that you are rather hard on him," said the Colonel, for the joke had an unpleasant side which jarred on him.

"At any rate," she answered, with a little stamp, "it is not for you to say so. If you disliked him as much as I do you would be hard on him too. Besides, I dare say that his turn is coming."

The Colonel winced, as well he might, but looking at her handsome face, set just now like steel, at the thought of what the future might bring forth, he reflected that if Edward Cossey's turn did come, he was by no means sure that the ultimate triumph would rest with him. Ida de la Molle, to whatever extent her sense of honor and money indebtedness might carry her, was no butterfly to be broken on a wheel, but a woman whose dislike and anger, or, worse still, whose cold unvarying disdain, was a thing from which the boldest-hearted man might shrink aghast.

Nothing more was said on the subject, and they began to talk, though somewhat constrainedly, about indifferent matters. They were both aware that it was a farce, and that they were playing a part, for beneath the external ice of formalities the river of their devotion ran whither they knew not. All that had been made clear a few nights back; but what will you have? Necessity overriding their desires compelled them along the path of self-denial, and, like wise folk, they recognized the fact, for there is nothing more painful in the world than the outburst of hopeless passion.

And so they talked about painting and shooting and what not till they reached the gray old castle towers. Here Harold wanted to bid her good-by, but she persuaded him to come in and have some tea, saying that her father would like to say good-night to him.

Accordingly he went into the vestibule, where there was a light—for it was getting dusk—and here he found the Squire and Mr. Cossey. As soon as he entered, Edward Cossey rose, said good-night to the Squire and Ida, and then passed toward the door, where the Colonel was standing rubbing the mud off his shooting boots. As he came, Harold, being slightly ashamed of the business of the shooting match, and very sorry to have humiliated a man who prided himself so much upon his skill in a particular branch of sport, held out his hand, and said, in a friendly tone:

"Good-night, Mr. Cossey. Next time that we are out shooting together I expect I shall be nowhere. It was an awful fluke of mine killing those four birds."

But Edward Cossey took no notice of the friendly words or outstretched hand, but came straight on as though he intended to walk past him.

The Colonel was wondering what it was best to do, for it was impossible to mistake the meaning of the oversight, when the Squire, who was sometimes very quick to notice things, spoke in a loud and decided tone:

"Mr. Cossey," he said, "Colonel Quaritch is offering you his hand."

"I observe that he is," he answered, setting his handsome face, "but I do not wish to take Colonel Quaritch's hand."

Then came a moment's silence, which the Squire again broke.

"When a gentleman in my house refuses to take the hand of another gentleman," he said, very quietly, "I think that I have a right to ask the reason for his conduct, which, unless that reason is a very sufficient one, is almost as much a slight upon me as upon him."

"I think that Colonel Quaritch must know the reason, and will not press me to explain," said Edward Cossey.

"I know of no reason," replied the Colonel, sternly, "unless, indeed, it is that I have been so unfortunate as to get the best of Mr. Cossey in a friendly shooting match."

"Colonel Quaritch must know well that such is not the reason to which I allude," said Edward. "If he consults his conscience he will probably discover a better one."

Ida and her father looked at each other in surprise, while the Colonel, by a half-involuntary movement, stepped between his accuser and the door; and Ida noticed that his face was white with anger.

"You have made a very serious implication against me, Mr. Cossey," he said, in a cold, clear voice. "Before you leave this room you will be so good as to explain it in the presence of those before whom it has been made."

"Certainly, if you wish it," he answered, with something like a sneer. "The reason why I refuse to take your hand, Colonel Quaritch, is that you have been guilty of conduct which proves to me that you are not a gentleman, and therefore not a person with whom I desire to be on friendly terms. Shall I go on?"

"Most certainly you will go on," answered the Colonel.

"Very well. The conduct to which I refer is that you were once engaged to my aunt, Julia Heston; that within three days of the time of the marriage you deserted and jilted her in a most cruel way, as a consequence of which she went mad, and is to this moment an inmate of an asylum."

Ida gave an exclamation of astonishment, and the Colonel started and colored up, while the Squire, looking at him curiously, waited to hear what he had to say.

"It is perfectly true, Mr. Cossey," he answered, "that I was engaged twenty years ago to be married to Miss Julia Heston, though I now for the first time learn that she was your aunt. It is also quite true that that engagement was broken off, under most painful circumstances, within three days of the time fixed for the marriage. What those circumstances were I am not at liberty to say, for the simple reason that I gave my word not to do so; but this I will say, that they were not to my discredit, though you may not be aware of that fact. But as you are one of the family, Mr. Cossey, my tongue is not tied, and I will do myself the honor of calling upon you tomorrow and explaining them to you. After that," he added, significantly, "I shall require you to apologize to me as publicly as you have accused me."

"You may require, but whether I shall comply is another matter," said Edward Cossey, and he passed out.

"I am very sorry, Mr. De la Molle," said the Colonel, as soon as he had gone, "more sorry than I can say, that I should have been the cause of this most unpleasant scene. I also feel that I am placed in a very false position, and until I produce Mr Cossey's written apology, that position must to some extent continue. If I fail to obtain that apology, I shall have to consider what course to take. In the mean while I can only ask you to suspend your judgment."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. THURMAN IN NEW YORK.

For two reasons at least Allen G. Thurman will always remember his visit to New York in the early days of the campaign of 1888. He will remember it on account of the magnificent welcome tendered to him by the Democracy of New York, and with far less of pleasure in the recollection, because, when the supreme moment came, sudden indisposition prevented him from making the great speech of which he is capable, and that had been looked forward to not only by the thousands which Madison Square Garden is able to accommodate, but by the people of the entire country.

Mr. Thurman arrived in New York city on Wednesday afternoon. Considering his age—for he is over seventy-five years old—and the fact that he had been travelling at fast speed for twenty hours, the Democracy's candidate for the Vice-Presidency looked wonderfully well as he disembarked from his train at Jersey City He was there welcomed by a committee consisting of William H. Barnum, chairman of the Democratic National Committee; Calvin S. Brice, chairman of the National Campaign Committee; Herman Oelrichs, of the National Executive Committee; ex-Governor James E. English, of Connecticut; and Mayor Orestes Cleveland, of Jersey City.

In the brief greeting that ensued it became evident to Mr. Barnum, as an old political as well as personal friend, that Mr Thurman's head was as sound as of yore, and every one was made glad by Mr. Thurman's confident assertion that he was "feeling first rate, with the exception of a slight cold." Mr. Thurman was accompanied by his son Allen W., his grandson Allen G., Jun., Congressman Beriah Wilkins, of Ohio, and a private secretary, Allen W. Taylor.

The progress of the distinguished Ohioan from Columbus to the Fifth Avenue Hotel in this city was a triumphal march. He made speeches to large and enthusiastic audiences at Harrisburg and Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and wherever the train made a halt it was surrounded by wildly enthusiastic Democrats, most of whom waved bandanas, as if to signify they were not only Democrats, but especially loyal in their devotion to Thurman.

At the Desbrosses Street Ferry Mr. Thurman's carriage was joined by about thirty other carriages, which were occupied by Democrats of national, State, and local reputation. On the way to the Fifth Avenue, though much of the route was through a very quiet part of the city, Mr. Thurman was given a royal welcome, and once installed in his suite of rooms at the Fifth Avenue, he gladdened all hearts by announcing that he was not in need of rest, but was ready to meet all comers.

During Wednesday evening he was called upon by hundreds of prominent Democrats and not a few Republicans. Having enjoyed a refreshing sleep on Wednesday night, he said on the following day that he was able to undergo any amount of fatigue, and on Thursday afternoon dictated the heads of the speech that he intended to make at the meeting to be held in the evening at Madison Square Garden.

The public was unaware until Thursday night that twice in the afternoon Mr. Thurman had been prostrated by attacks of cholera-morbus, to which he has been subject for twenty years. He was determined, however, to put in an appearance at Madison Square Garden, and was driven there shortly after eight o'clock.

New York has been the scene of countless political gatherings, but in point of unbounded enthusiasm and in mere numbers no in-door meeting has ever been held in the city that could compare with that of Thursday night. The Garden was crowded to the doors. Thousands were unable to obtain entrance to it. It is estimated that 12,000 people found seats or standing-room in the vast structure, and that at least an equal number listened to speeches made from stands erected on Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets.

The meeting was opened at eight o'clock by Calvin S. Brice. The opening address was made by Roswell P. Flower, who acted as chairman. The audience wanted Thurman, and would listen patiently to no one else. It was transformed into an assemblage of wild enthusiasts by the appearance of the distinguished visitor from Ohio, and for four minutes extended to him such a welcome as he can never forget. Neither can he forget the quiet that fell upon the multitude when it became evident that Thurman's physical strength was unequal to his desire. He spoke, but in such low tones that few could hear him. He said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, since I was nominated for the Vice-Presidency by the St. Louis Convention it has been stated that Allen G. Thurman was a weak and decrepit old man. I do not know but that to-night may seem to give color to that charge. Although I well know that I am quite well along in years, I have been quite aware this afternoon that I was in no condition to speak to an immense audience like this. I wanted to speak to them, and for that reason I have been induced to appear, but I am unable to speak, being too unwell."

He then turned slowly, and was assisted to his carriage by his son, William H. Barnum, Dr. Goldthwaite, and others. He rallied quickly at his hotel, and at 9.45 was sleeping soundly. The immense throng was sadly disappointed by Mr. Thurman's inability to make a speech, and thousands, hearing that he had left the building, followed his example. But thousands remained to hear Governor Hill, Senator Blackburn, Senator Kenna, Patrick Collins, of Boston, and others. It was a grand meeting, and wanted only such a speech as Thurman can make to have made it an affair by which the success of future political gatherings could be estimated.

PENNSYLVANIA WAGE-EARNERS.

In a series of articles, now some time interrupted, the effort has been made to show that protected Pennsylvania pays inadequate wages to the working people who earn their living in the iron and coal mines. It has been stated and demonstrated by evidence furnished by the State's own officers that the average laborer in the mines earns less than a dollar a day; that the corporations and individuals who employ the miners oppress them by high rents, excessive charges in the company stores, and by a number of petty exactions which keep down the wage-earner to the pauper-point. From the facts in my possession, I venture to say that one month's steady idleness of all the iron and coal miners of Pennsylvania would result in the starvation of a very large part of the population. The poor-houses are not commodious enough to receive those who would be penniless, and the savings of the working people are not sufficient to support them for many days. Let production in all the mines of Pennsylvania stop for three days, and no succor come from the charitable, there would be such distress as this country has never seen, and such as Ireland and India alone have witnessed during the century. Men who earn from sixty cents to a dollar a day during a part of the year cannot lay by much money. As a rule, they have no relief clubs; their clubs are organized for the promotion of strikes. Their rent is high. Their clothes and food are furnished to them by the company stores, whose prices are from twenty to twenty-five per cent. higher than the prices charged by the country merchant. Their coal is weighed by the paymaster, and short weight and heavy fines keep down the compensation. The story has been told in all its harrowing details, and no adequate answer has been made. It is true that various newspapers of Pennsylvania have made general denials, and that several persons have written letters, some of these writers stating that all the assertions made in these articles have been perversions of fact, while others have insisted that their works were exceptions to the rule. It is true that there are exceptions, and that some of the mine owners of Pennsylvania are as humane and as considerate of their working-men as any manufacturers in the country. Nevertheless there are fewer model villages in Pennsylvania than in any State in the Union in proportion to the capital invested in manufacturing, the number of establishments, or the hands employed. As to the perversion of facts which has been found in these articles, the only answer that need be made is that the assertions and figures are taken from official publications, some of them of the general government, and some of the State of Pennsylvania, and from personal observations. The statements as to the condition of the miners were based on visits to the hovels in which they live, and the statistics concerning wages and cost of living were not only drawn from official reports, but from an actual examination of the account-books of the men. Moreover, every assertion has been verified by testimony taken before the Congressional Committee now engaged in investigating the subject of the importation of labor There is no more serious indictment of the mine owners of that commonwealth than that which is to be found in the report of its own Labor Bureau for 1884.

There is no answer to the accusations that have been made against the Pennsylvania employers of miners. They have filled the State with the lowest and cheapest labor that can be imported from the slums of Europe. The old native, Irish, Welsh, and English miners have been driven out of the State by Hungarians, Poles, Italians, and Russians, who work for little or nothing, and live among us in all the filth and indecency that that implies. Every one who lives in Pennsylvania knows that the protected mine operators go abroad for degraded labor, and degrade it still more after it reaches this country.

Mr. Rogers has given us several pictures this week of the manner in which the mine laborers live. Every one of them is drawn from life. There is the poor widow, whose husband has been killed in one of the many disasters which happen in the mines. There is no hope in her life until her children grow old enough to be employed in dangerous occupations in violation of the law. There is the old veteran of labor. He is tottering, apparently on the brink of a long life. He appears to be eighty years old; perhaps he may be sixty-five. Hard toil, scant food, grinding poverty have made their impress upon him, and it is not within the power of the human body to reach the Psalmist's limit of years when it is exposed to all the hard conditions with which the old man has struggled. The largest picture is a representation of an interior that is common enough in the mining regions of the State. The old man, who has been worked out, sits crooning over the stove, while his granddaughter attends to the duties of their poor apartment. The room is in the basement of a hovel, and partly underground. The native rocks are visible in the background; on top of them are the boards which complete the cellar. The floor is bare in spots. Sometimes rocks and sometimes the moist earth are seen between the rotting boards. There are hundreds of places like this one in Pennsylvania where human beings live, and the artist has not selected his subject carefully with a view of producing an effect; he has simply given to us a common every-day scene, and one which truthfully represents the condition of things that prevail in the mining regions of Pennsylvania. These pictures are eloquent of the suffering and poverty of the people for whom the protected mine operators and manufacturers pretend to have so much concern. They are a graphic support of all the statements that have been made in these articles.

Henry L. Nelson.

THE WATER JUMP AT CEDARHURST.

Steeple-chasing is an old English sport which has its origin in the hunting field. The meaning of the word steeple-chase is not generally understood. It has its derivation from a period more than a hundred years back, when a party of English gentlemen in the open field after the hunt were yet full of the enthusiasm of the chase. In the distance they beheld the spire of a village church. "Let us race to yonder steeple," said one of the group. A sweepstakes was at once made, and the huntsmen started on the first steeple-chase. The sport found general favor at once. In the impromptu steeple-chase of long ago, when it was not known to the contestant how far away the steeple was from the starting-point, any course might be taken to reach the goal first. There were fences, fields of brush, ditches, and often a stream to cross in the various courses taken by the riders.

In the later-day reproduction of the sport before the public the fences, ditches, and brush are artificial obstructions in the course, and the water jump represents the streamlet encountered in the open field.

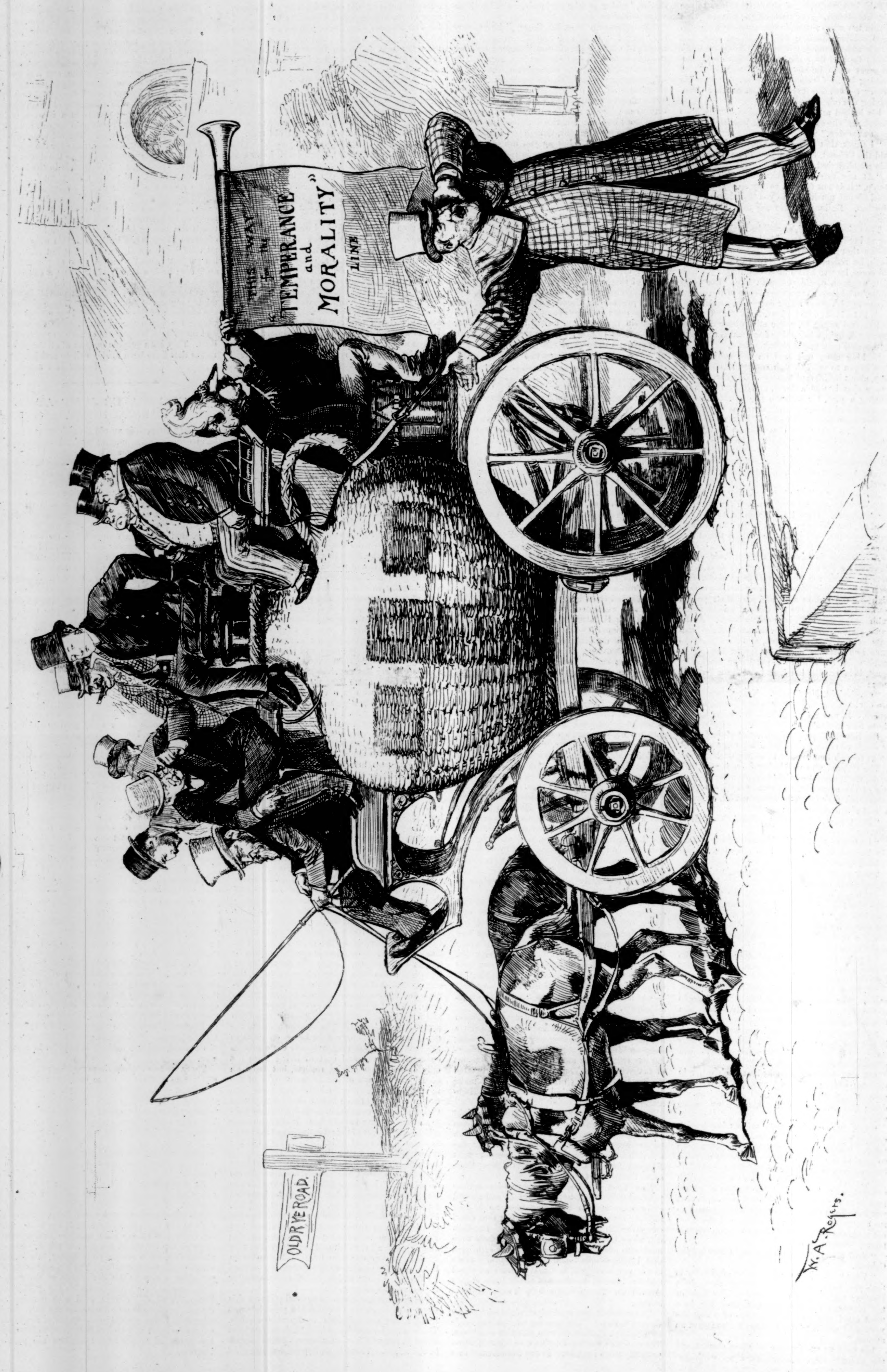
The traditions of the turf in this country are replete with memories of the steeple-chase of the fairest and most sportsman-like aspect. The grace and hazard of the sport had made the steeple-chase the favorite race on the card to the fair sex, and Saratoga, Pimlico, Jerome Park—indeed all the ultra-fashionable race-courses—have upon their records many splendid achievements of the jumping thorough-breds.

Steeple-chasing has sadly deteriorated during the past decade. That element on the turf who race for revenue only, alive to the peculiar opportunities a jumping race affords for fraud and crookedness, swept down upon the race-track with a small legion of broken-down thoroughbreds who, having lost their speed on the flat, were hastily and inadequately trained for the jumps. Finally the turf-loving public began to tire of these travesties upon a splendid sport, which were either a chapter of accidents—frequently of the most shocking character—or a palpable farce with a bald plot involving so many dollars and cents. One after another of the racing associations banished the jumping races from the programme, until now only a small proportion of the race-tracks continue to maintain a steeple-chase course.

It is in this almost absolute abolition from the regular tracks that the enthusiasts of this special branch of racing hope to bring it again into the favor it formerly held and the popularity it deserves. To this end special steeple-chasing courses have been established in this country, as in England; horses are being specially trained for the jumps. Society has given its sanction to the revival, and the outlook is hopeful in every way.

There are two steeple-chase meetings each season within a short distance of New York city, and hunt clubs are increasing throughout the country. The Country Club at Pelham had a satisfactory inaugural meeting early in the spring. The recent three days' racing at the Cedarhurst course was decidedly promising. The Cedarhurst course is up hill and down dale, after the English fashion; the jumps are high, and the ill-trained horse or unskilled rider is likely to come to grief.

Mr. Remington, in his drawing on page 693, treats of the steeple-chase at its most critical moment. The gentlemen riders are guiding their horses over the dangerous water jump. The artist's pencil has admirably caught the pose and determination of the men and the action and spirit of the horses as the leap is taken. Steeple-chasing, when properly conducted, is a sight which thrills the spectator. The element of danger gives a zest to the excitement of the race. The steeple-chase originated with the gentry in England, and will always hold with gentlemen riders a preference over racing on the flat. The relegation to the special race-courses of this most enjoyable sport will undoubtedly tend to improve the grade of horses and reawaken the public interest.



THE REPUBLICAN DRAG, *"Free Whiskey."*

THE WATER JUMP AT CEDARHURST.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 691.]

THE U. S. M. MISSISSIPPI PASSENGER STEAMER.

1855-61.

Where the black bayou pools,
In the flags and cypress stools,
It drops a dusky halo
In the opalescent shallow
That crowns in sombre dimness
A steamer's hulk and chimneys;
As if the crevasse had caught her,
Docked in her coffin, and hurried her,
In the arms of the pitiful water,
Into her grave and buried her.

The pastel painting mould
In colors of slime and ooze
Has laid their delicate hues
In panels of greenish gold;
And the vines in the grand saloon
Have woven a silk cocoon,
Like beds of the butterfly-moth;
But the gray moss has over all
Drawn a funereal pall
Of satiny velvet cloth.

How changed since the flying swallow-tail
At her flag-staff was symbolical
Of the Pride of the River, chiding
The fat salt marsh of the bayou,
When the lords of the South came a-riding
From the Gulf to the Falls of Ohio
On business lively as pleasure;
And the wealth of her gilded cabin
Was rich with a richer treasure
Than the Roman stole from the Sabine!

What has become of her Master?
What has become of her men?
Her damasks and lambrequen,
Ormolu and alabaster?
Her nostrils breathing benzen,
When throes of her mighty engine
Made chandeliers clink and shiver
To the throttle's hollow diphthong;
And the coils of the sinuous river
Unwind like a flying whip-thong,
As she blows a smoky streamer
(That pictured photographic
The bends of the river traffic)
In the nose of her rival steamer?

What if some night-worn pilot,
By new cut or low sand islet,
Hears the capstan song of her dead men;
The pant of her engine churning,
The pat of her buckets turning,
And the long soft cry of her lead-men,
As he sees her head-light burning
In the bends of the old dead river,
As of old the bold Sir Bedivere
Saw the white barge of the king come,
And he swears a prayer or two;
Not for the National Income,
Less than the Evangelists
Would care or dare e'er to
Look on her passenger lists;
Or the marvellously splendid
Cargoes she has to deliver
On the banks of the old dead river;
For the days of her glory are ended;
Captain and capstan-song,
And the phantoms she chased so long.

Ended her noble winnings,
That once set the river a-talking;
The junk-shop has scored her innings,
And the fungus is doing her calking.
But the tall magnolias above her
Hang like a mourning lover,
Dropping their immortelles
In the long, unbroken swells
That picture in polished emery
Cut-water to cabin spar,
Clear as a widowed memory
Of the days before the war.

Will Wallace Harney.

A POT OF GOLD.

By MARY E. WILKINS.

The moon came up over the mountain, and suddenly the shadows of the trees grew darker and more distinct. There were four great elm-trees in the Amesbury yard. Over across the road was a cemetery; back of that flowed the river; on the opposite bank of the river arose the mountain. The mountain was wooded to its summit. There were patches of silver on it, where some of the tree-tops waved in the moonlight.

Jonas Amesbury and his mother sat on the door-step; neither of them noticed the beautiful moonlight night much. Once the old woman remarked that the moon made it as bright as day, and Jonas did not even trouble himself to assent.

Jonas looked hardly more than a boy; his curly head had the blond lightness of a baby's; his round face was smooth and delicate. He sat on the lower door-stone, resting his elbows on his knees; his mother, a dark, sallow figure, sat on the upper one. She held herself rigidly, and did not lean against the door-casing. She was very tired, but her will would not let her old bones and muscles relax. Jane Amesbury never "lopped," as she termed it. She was, in her way, a student of human nature and a philosopher. She divided women into two classes: those who "lopped" and those who did not. "I wa'n't never one of the kind that lop," she used to say, with a backward lift of her head so forcible that it seemed as if her neck muscles were made of steel, and one listened for the click, "an' I 'ain't never thought much of them women that do lop."

One looking at her easily realized the truth of the statement. Old as she was now, it was quite evident that Jane Amesbury had no more leaning necessity than a hardy tree over on the mountain. She required for her growth and support only a rude, stanch soil and a sky.

Her son Jonas seemed different; still, he had something of his mother's character. It was evident in a certain dignity and self-restraint with which he bore himself to-night. He was very unhappy. His mother was looking down upon him with tenderness and a kind of indignation. They had been silent for quite a while; when the moon arose it seemed a signal to them. It was with Jonas as if the shadows in his own soul deepened out, and it seemed as if his mother also saw them, for she begun at once: "There ain't no use talkin' 'bout it," said she; "there ain't no sense in a fellar's settlin' right down an' givin' up, 'cause he can't git one perticklar girl. Marryin' ain't everything there is in the world nohow, if folks do act as if 'twas. Folks act like poor fools sometimes. I guess I know."

The old woman gave her head a shake of rage and wisdom. Jonas said nothing. His face, in the moonlight, looked as fair and pretty as a girl's.

Presently his mother began again; she seemed to have a subtle ear for her son's thoughts, and to answer them like spoken arguments.

"I know she's a good-lookin' girl 'nough," said she, "an' she's smart 'nough. I dun know as there *is* anybody 'round here that quite comes up to her; but that don't make no difference. Looks ain't everything, an' smartness ain't everything. There's plenty of girls that's good 'nough, if they can't tear the airth up or set the river on fire. These dretful smart, handsome folks are just the ones that flax out sometimes. They ain't nothin' more'n Fourth of July fireworks; there's more sputter an' fizzle than anything else when you come to find out. I don't think I should give up eatin' an' sleepin', an' go round lookin' as if I'd lost my last friend, on account of one girl, when there's plenty more that would have me. There's Emma Jane Monk—"

Then the young man aroused himself. "I guess," said he, "when you see me going with Emma Jane Monk you'll know it."

"Well, you can turn up your nose at Emma Jane Monk all you want to; she's as good as Rose Tenney any day."

"Mother!"

"What is it?"

"You can talk all you want to, but it ain't going to do any good. I suppose I ain't showing much spunk about it, and I know it ain't any worse for me than for other folks, and I ain't the first one that couldn't get the one he wanted. But I can't bear it, and I ain't going to; that's all there is about it."

"What you goin' to do?" asked his mother, in a stern voice that had in it a frightened inflection.

"I don't know any more than a tree in a wind. I ain't doing anything; I'm being done with."

"Jonas Amesbury, you make me mad talkin' such stuff. I don't see where you got such notions; for my part I know you didn't git 'em from me. Rose Tenney—h'm! S'pose she does curl her hair over her forehead, an' wear her dresses all girt in round her waist, an' act so dreadful soft an' sweet! her folks ain't much, an' everybody knows it; everybody knows what old Joe Tenney is—stole all that land that belonged to his brother; everybody knowed he did it, if they couldn't prove it. I don't think Rose Tenney's got so very much to brag of nohow."

"I'd like to know what good you think it does talking that way, mother?"

"Oh, I don't s'pose it does any good. I s'pose if all Rose Tenney's relations were strung up on the gallows in a row, you'd want her just the same."

"Yes, I would," said Jonas, in a fervent tone, tossing back his head like his mother, with a defiant air. He could fancy himself wedding Rose under the shadow of her swinging relatives, and see nothing ridiculous; he was in such an intense mood that humor was entirely barred out.

"Yes, I s'pose you would; it would be just like you," returned his mother, sarcastically. Then she arose. "Well, I'm goin' in to set the bread a-risin'," said she. "I s'pose the bread might jest as well be riz, if you can't git Rose Tenney."

Jonas did not reply; he got up and went strolling off across the yard. His mother entered the house—the door opened directly into the kitchen. It was dark except for the moonlight. Jane spoke as she stepped over the threshold.

"You there?" said she.

"Yes."

"Where be yer?"

"Over here by the winder."

"Oh yes, I see yer."

Jane stepped over to the window, where another woman was sitting, and peered out into the yard.

"He's gone out of the yard," said the sitting woman.

"You don't s'pose he's goin' down there, do ye?"

"No; he headed up the other way. I see him."

Jane then sat down in a chair near the other woman, who was her unmarried sister. Her name was Elvira Slawson. Elvira was ten years younger than her sister; her blond hair was scarcely gray; she wore it in twisted loops over her ears. She was tall and thin, and her clothes were so loose that all her outlines seemed wavering; one shoulder was a little higher than the other; she had a slow, high-pitched voice.

Jane looked at her; she was in the shadow herself. "I s'pose you heard me talkin' to him, didn't ye?" she remarked.

"I heard a little on't; I couldn't help it. I was settin' right here."

"Well, I dun know what he's goin' to do. I think it's a pretty piece of work, for my part."

"You don't s'pose he'll do anything desprit, do ye?"

"Desprit, no. If he does, I'll shake him. Desprit! I 'ain't got no patience with sech kind of work. Ready to pull the house down, 'bout a girl. I s'pose it's what they call—*love?* H'm! it's 'nough to make anybody sick! Love!" Jane's voice as she said "love" had a contemptuous drawl.

Elvira, with her head gently inclined to one side, looked doubtfully at her sister. Being supposed to have no acquaintance with love, she had more respect for him. "Well, I s'pose men do pretty desprit things sometimes on account of love," she said, in a shamefaced way. She was exceedingly timid about alluding to such matters before her sister.

"Desprit things! Well, I s'pose some that's poor fools do, an' I guess it's good riddance to 'em. Folks that can't see nothin' in this world but the one sugar-plum they ain't able to git had better git out of it. *Love!*"

Jane arose; she went to the shelf and struck a match. "Goin' to mix up bread?" asked her sister.

"Yes, I s'pose so. I thought I'd have some riz biscuit in the mornin', Jonas thinks so much of 'em; but I don't s'pose he'll tech 'em even if I make 'em. He 'ain't eat enough to-day to feed a fly."

The light flared out; Jane bent her brows over it to see if it were trimmed squarely. Then she went into the pantry for her mixing bowl and flour. There was now and then a click as her heels struck the floor; the floor was worn into little hillocks, and the nails frequently protruded; one could see here and there one sparkle in the lamp-light. This was an old house; the underpinning sagged in places, and the rooms were full of crooked lines; not a door or window was straight.

Elvira watched her sister mix the bread. Jane did not lose a grain of flour in the process; her knotty fingers were deft and delicate from faithful practice. She left the mixing bowl polished quite clean when she finally deposited the dough in the pans. There was little treasure in the Amesbury house, but none would be left clinging to the sides of it. Jane had made an appendix to the decalogue to suit her own exigencies; one of the new sins was wastefulness. She did all the house-work; she privately believed Elvira to be nothing of a house-keeper. Then, too, she had always been accustomed to look upon herself as the one to do the work instead of her younger sister. Elvira knitted a great deal of lace edging, and she sold yards of it to people in the village. She also furnished a store with some. She had quite a local reputation for her knitted lace, and was looked upon somewhat in the line of an artist. It was even rumored that she devised new patterns out of her own head. Her sister gave her her board, and all the money she spent was the proceeds of her lace-making. She knitted incessantly, and always had her lace with her in a little bag. Pretty soon she drew her chair up to the table where her sister was making the bread, and drew out her knitting.

"You ain't goin' to knittin' to-night?" remarked Jane, disapprovingly.

"I'm jest goin' to make one scallop."

This lace was considered Elvira's masterpiece, being very broad and intricate. She bent over it, and knitted with a frowning forehead. The light was not very good. She wore spectacles.

"You countin'?" said Jane presently.

"No."

"I'd like to know the hull truth of it 'bout Rose Tenney."

Elvira kept her eyes on her lace. "Do you s'pose she wouldn't have him?" she queried, timidly.

"I dun know; but I do know one thing: it wa'n't her fault if she wouldn't. I know a thing or two. I've had my eyes open. If that girl don't think 'nough of Jonas I'll miss my guess. I've seen her when he was round. A girl don't light up like a rainbow when she sees a fellar comin' if there ain't somethin' in the wind. She thinks 'nough of him. Old Joe Tenney's at the bottom of it. He don't think there's quite 'nough money here. I know him. Since he's got a little money himself, everybody else that 'ain't got it ain't any more than the dirt under his feet. Joe Tenney always thought more of money than anything else in the world. Cheated his own brother for the sake of it. I shouldn't think he'd want to say much."

Elvira still kept her eyes upon her lace; a red flush mounted on her soft, flabby cheeks. "There didn't nobody really know he cheated him," said she.

"Yes, they did know, too, well's they wanted to. Where did the deeds for that land go to, I'd like to know? They couldn't prove nothin', 'cause they wa'n't registered, but there wa'n't no doubt 'bout it."

"I s'pose he thought that land belonged to him anyhow. You know they said he'd lent Henry consider'ble money. I guess some thought Henry'd agreed to give him them deeds, an' then backed out."

"Elvira Slawson, if you want to stan' up for old Joe Tenney, you can. I should think you was 'bout old 'nough to be off the notion of that by this time."

"I—dun know what you mean, Jane."

"I know what I mean. Well, I s'pose it's—*love.*"

Elvira said no more. She kept her meek suffused face close to her lace. It was quite true that years ago there had been a love affair between herself and Joseph Tenney, and it had come to naught. Her sister had never done twitting her with it: all the prickles in her nature seemed turned against sentiment, perhaps because of its fancied softness, which made her indignant. She had nursed Elvira faithfully through the severe illness which her disappointment had brought upon her, and then had tried a system of mental cauterization to cure the wound. Any symptoms that led her to believe the cure was not complete caused her to apply the wire anew. Now she kept glancing sharply at Elvira over her lace; her lips were compressed, her nose was elevated sarcastically. But soon her anxiety over her son drew her thoughts away from her sister.

"I don't see where he is," she said, standing in the door, after the bread was set away.

"Mebbe he's gone up to Jake Manson's."

"I don't think he has, this time of night. Oh, there he is!"

Neither of the women said anything to Jonas when he entered the kitchen, but they watched him furtively. He went across the room to the mantel-shelf and lighted a candle. "Goin' to bed?" asked his mother then.

Jonas gave an affirmative grunt. He looked as if he had been walking fast, his face was flushed, and his fair hair lay damp and flat on his temples.

Pretty soon the women heard his steps on the stairs. "It's the greatest work I ever see," said Jane. She went about and slammed to the doors and locked them; Elvira put up her lace-work. Then they went to bed in the little bedroom that opened out of the kitchen—they slept together.

A little after midnight Elvira awoke her sister—"Jane, Jane, wake up!" she whispered, fearfully. The dark seemed to loom over her and make her voice echo like a mountain. Jane did not awaken very easily, she had to speak again and shake her a little. When Jane finally aroused it was with a jerk. She sat straight up in bed. "What's the matter?" asked she, in a loud, determined voice.

"Oh, Jane, lay down again; don't be scart. I've jest had the queerest dream."

"Elvira Slawson, you don't mean to say you made all this row an' waked me up out of a sound sleep for a dream!"

"You jest wait till you hear it. You lay down an' I'll tell you what 'twas."

"I don't want to hear it, an' I ain't goin' to. I ain't goin' to listen to any such tomfoolery—wakin' me up out of a sound sleep! I thought the house was afire, or somebody was gittin' in."

"I won't take but jest a minute, Jane."

"I ain't goin' to hear it, an' that's all there is about it." Jane lay down with a thud that made the feather-bed arise in billows.

Elvira begged hard, but she would not let her tell the dream. "If you don't stop carryin' on so I'll go in the spare bedroom an' leave you alone," said she; "I ain't goin' to be broke of my rest this way."

That threat silenced Elvira. All her life she had been afraid of the dark if she were alone in it.

With daylight she began again, but Jane was obdurate. She would not hear the dream at all. She did not believe in dreams. She had always had a contempt for them, and she held the opinion that repeating them caused one to dream more.

So Elvira carried about her dream all day, like a poet his unsung song. She would have told it to Jonas, but he was away all day haying in a distant field. The Amesburys owned this small farm, but their own haying was so meagre that it was done long ago. Now Jonas was hiring out to one of the neighbors. It was a relief to his mother to have him away all day; his miserable face stirred her to keenest agony and wrath. She was utterly distressed and despairing over his misery, and furious with him that he yielded to it.

"I don't see as he looked a mite different when he came home to supper," she told Elvira that night, "and he hedn't eat half what I give him for dinner."

"I wish you'd let me tell you that dream," returned Elvira, eagerly and mysteriously.

"Elvira Slawson, if you don't quit talkin' 'bout that dream I shall go ravin' crazy. I've got enough to stan' up under without that."

The two women were preparing for bed again, and Jane took the hair-pins out of her knot of hair with a conclusive air. Her hair hanging about her face gave her a fierce, haggard look.

"Well, of course I ain't a-goin' to tell it to you if you don't want to hear it," returned Elvira, with some trace of dignity.

"Well, I don't want to hear it, an' I hope you'll remember it."

But again Jane was awakened. This time Elvira clutched her desperately. "Jane," she called, "wake up for massy sakes! *I've dreamed it again.*"

Jane sat up, took hold of her sister, and laid her down peremptorily. Elvira in her excitement had raised herself, and was bending over her. "Now," said she, "you jest listen. I'm a-goin' to lay down again, an' if you speak another word I'm a-goin' into the spare bedroom. As for bein' broke of my rest again to-night, I won't."

Elvira gave a little gasp, but she said nothing more. Soon Jane began to breathe regularly. It was three o'clock in the morning when Elvira aroused her again. This time Elvira had a firm clutch on her arm; her voice was quite loud and decisive.

"Jane!"

"What do you mean actin' so?" Jane asked, feebly. She was now quite alarmed.

"I'm a-goin' to tell you my dream. *I've dreamed it again.*"

"Well, do tell it for massy sakes. I never see sech work."

"Jane, I've dreamed three times that I found a pot of gold in our field that joins Joe Tenney's oat field. It was under an apple-tree. I dug under it, and I found it."

"H'm!"

"It was an iron pot with a cover, like the one

you boil beans in, an' it was chock-full of gold dollars."

"That all?"

"Jane, where you dream about the same thing three times, it comes true. I've always heard it did."

"I s'pose you believe it."

"I dun know as I really believe, but I've heard lots of folks say there was somethin' in it. Don't you remember how mother dreamed three times runnin' how father was goin' on a journey, before he died?"

"Well, if you want to believe sech stuff you can. I wish you'd stop talkin'. I've been broke of my rest 'bout all I want to be. I dun know but I'll go into the spare bedroom anyhow. I s'pose jest as I git fairly to sleep again you'll dream it over again an' grab me."

"Jane, don't you think it means somethin'?"

"It means I'm goin' into the spare bedroom, an' I ain't goin' to lay here talkin' 'bout it."

"Don't, Jane; I won't speak another word."

"You mind you don't, then."

Elvira kept her word. She said no more that night, nor did she the next morning. She never alluded to the dream. She assisted about the dish-washing after breakfast; then she sat down with her lace. After a while Jane went out to feed the hens. When she returned she caught a glimpse of Elvira stealing around the corner of the house. "Where you goin'?" she called.

"I ain't goin' far," answered Elvira, in a trembling voice. Jane strode after her, the hens' dough dish in her hand. Elvira hustled along, but she soon caught up with her, and saw that she was carrying the shovel.

"Where are you going with that shovel?" asked Jane.

Suddenly Elvira faced her; she held the shovel like a staff. "*I'm—a-goin' to dig.*"

"Elvira Slawson, I never thought you was quite sech a perfect fool."

"I don't care what you say, Jane, I'm goin' to be sure that pot of gold ain't there."

"Well, you ain't goin' to dull up that new shovel diggin', nohow."

"I jest as soon take the old one."

Elvira went back and got the old shovel. Her sister sneered and argued all the way, but she paid no heed. There was on her mild face a kind of rapt expression, like a higher determination. She had gotten her revelation, however petty by comparison, Joan of Arc fashion, and was not to be turned back by banners and spears. Her mission was not to fight, but to dig, and she would dig.

She went forth with her shovel, and left Jane still talking. She did not return until noon; then her face was all flushed with the heat; she tried not to pant. There was a cup of tea and some bread and butter for dinner; they did not have a regular dinner when Jonas was not at home, and Jonas was still haying for the neighbor.

After dinner Elvira put on her sun-bonnet again.

"Then you 'ain't found the pot of gold yet?" remarked her sister, in a sweet, stinging voice. She had not spoken before except concerning food at the table.

"No," said Elvira, "I 'ain't found it yet."

"I should think you'd want to finish that lace you was workin' on some time. I should think you'd lose more money than you'll find in the wonderful pot."

"I can finish the lace to-morrow," replied Elvira, going out the door. She had left her shawl in the field. The afternoon passed, and she did not return. Jane got supper ready, and she had not come. Jane did not expect Jonas until late, and there was no one but herself at home for supper. She kept going to the road and looking. Finally she put on her sun-bonnet, and went down the road. It was not far to the field of Elvira's dream. On the farther side a stone wall divided it from Joseph Tenney's land; in the distance she could see the Tenney house—white-painted and piazzaed, a village mansion. The bars at the entrance of the field were let down; she passed through. There were five old apple-trees in the field. Around four of them were heaps of loose earth where Elvira had been digging. The fifth tree stood close to the wall that marked the Tenney land; its branches reached over it. Under this tree crouched Elvira examining something. Her shawl lay beside her on the ground. Jane approached stealthily. Just as she reached the tree she heard a quick rustle on the other side of the wall; she looked, and saw Joseph Tenney's face through branches of pink dog-bane and over masses of poison-ivy. It was a handsome old face, clean-shaven and blue-eyed, but it was deathly pale. Elvira saw him too. She and Jane looked at him, and he looked at them; then he turned about and went homeward across the wet field, with a step like a slow march. If it was a retreat, it was a dignified one.

The minute Joseph Tenney went away, Elvira sprang up and grasped the shovel. Jane peered around her. "What you got there?" she asked. Then she repeated the question in an excited tone: "Why, what is it? what have you found?" She had seen a small iron-bound chest, with loam clinging to it; it was open, and overflowing with unfolded papers. She stepped forward, but Elvira was before her in the path. She held the shovel uplifted. "*Don't you go near it!*"

"Course I'm goin' near it. I'd like to know what you mean; I guess I've got jest as good a right to know what 'tis as you have. I should laugh."

"*If you come one step nearer I'll kill you!*" Elvira's eyes were gleaming; there seemed to be sharp lights like steel in them; her face was white and resolute.

Jane started back; she was frightened. "Well, you can keep your old box if you want to," said she. Then she went off across the field. Her sun-bonnet was tilted until it looked of itself aggressive and rampant; she never turned around.

She had not been home long when Elvira returned, leaning upon the shovel. She could scarcely walk she was so exhausted. When she sat down at the supper table she turned faint; she laid her head down on the table with a low groan. Jane sprang and brought some water. "It's the greatest piece of work I ever did see," she said, bathing her sister's forehead.

Elvira began to weep. "Oh, Jane, I didn't mean to say such a dreadful thing to you!" she sobbed, weakly. "But I couldn't show it to you, nohow; I couldn't."

"We won't say nothin' more 'bout it," said Jane, shortly. "You'll be sick next. I don't care nothin' 'bout the old box."

After Elvira had had her tea, Jane made her go to bed. She said nothing about the matter to Jonas when he returned. She thought he seemed more depressed than ever.

The next day, in the afternoon, Jane went down to the store for a little shopping. She had a plan to buy some gray flannel and make a nice shirt for Jonas to do haying in. She thought that might perhaps please him and cheer him a little. She was gone an hour. When she returned she found Elvira sitting on the door-step knitting her lace. There was a grape-vine around the door, and some of the light green sprays hung down over Elvira's head. Her face, bent over her lace-work, looked fair and peaceful. Her old muslin dress fell around her in soft folds. She was sixty years old, but she looked maidenly. When Jane stood before her she smiled up at her. Jane sank down on the door-step. "It's a dreadful hot day," she sighed. She eyed Elvira sharply. She felt irascible, and as if she must let go her tongue. Her face was glossy with perspiration, her hands were black from her cotton gloves. She suspected that the flannel was a poor bargain. She eyed Elvira a minute, then she spoke. "There wa'n't no need of your bein' so mighty private 'bout that box. I knowed well 'nough what 'twas all the time."

Elvira dropped the lace and looked at her.

"Mebbe you don't b'lieve it. Well, I'll tell you what 'twas: it was *them deeds.*"

Elvira was trembling violently. "Well, there ain't no harm in it if it was."

"Mebbe there ain't; but that's what was in that box—*them deeds.*"

"His brother's dead now, an' they're his anyway. You can't do nothin'."

"Oh, I ain't goin' to do nothin'. I wouldn't stir a step to tell it to a livin' soul. You needn't worry 'bout that. I ain't afeard but he'll git punishment 'nough some way. I sha'n't do nothin' to bring it on him."

Elvira looked fixedly at her sister; her soft, drawling voice became quite firm. "Jane, he didn't do nothin' wrong 'bout that. He's told me all 'bout it."

"Told you 'bout it? When?"

"Just now—this afternoon."

"Has Joe Tenney been here?"

"Yes."

"Came over 'cause he was scart, I s'pose."

"No, he didn't. He was goin' by, and I called him in. I wanted to tell him where I put it."

"Where did you put it?"

"Under the stone wall, on his side. He told me all 'bout it; jest how it was."

"I'd like to know how he 'counted for hidin' the deeds."

"I can't tell you; I said I wouldn't; but he wa'n't one mite to blame."

"Well, mebbe you believe it."

"Course I believe it."

Jane surveyed her blackened hands. Her right knee ached; she was rheumatic. "P'rhaps he'll have you yet, if you stick up for him so," said she.

Elvira quivered and shrank; her eyes suddenly looked red and weak. "Jane, you know I'm past all that. There ain't no call for you to say sech things as that. Sech a thing ain't never entered into his head. He's been married to a real nice woman, an' he 'ain't thought of me once a year. 'Twa'n't ever much to him anyway; he wa'n't nothin' but a boy. He don't want me, an' I wouldn't have him if he did. I ain't no fit person for him. He can git somebody that's younger an' smarter if he wants anybody. I ain't nothin' to be married, an' I know it well 'nough."

"You can talk that way all you want to; you'd have him fast enough if you had the chance."

Elvira looked quite solemnly at her sister. "Look a-here, Jane," said she, "mebbe you dun know jest what I mean; but it seems to me as if bein' sure that anybody was all right an' honest was the completest kind of bein' married that anybody could have."

Jane stared at her for a moment; then she looked away; she did not say any more.

Elvira knitted for a few minutes; then she looked up. "I ruther guess," said she, "that it will come out all right 'bout Jonas an' Rose."

"What do you mean?"

"We talked it over some. I guess he thought Jonas hadn't got much, an' there wa'n't much sense in it, in the first place, an' he told Rose she'd got to give him up; but I shouldn't wonder if he was kinder thinkin' better of it."

"S'pose he's afraid we'll tell if he don't."

"No, that ain't it. If you knew what I know you wouldn't say so."

"Well, I dun know what you know, but you've got more faith in him than I have."

Elvira's face was lifted; she looked past her sister with an expression as if she were looking at a shrine. "I *know* Joe Tenney is a good man," said she.

The next day Jonas was at home working in the garden. In the afternoon a neighbor drove into the yard and called to him. He had brought a letter to him from the post-office.

Jane was peeping curiously from the window. "What is it?" she called out, after the neighbor had driven away.

Jonas stood out in the yard staring at the letter. "Oh, nothing much," he answered. But smiles were playing all over his face. He went back to the garden, and whistled as he worked.

After tea he went upstairs, and was gone quite a while. "I believe he's goin' somewhere," Jane said to Elvira. "He washed him real particular, an' he's shaved him. I don't believe but he's goin' down there."

When Jonas came down-stairs he had on his best suit; his curly hair was damp and trained in careful locks over his smooth young forehead; his cheeks were fresh and rosy; he held his neck stiffly in his clean collar and white necktie.

He stood in the kitchen and brushed his hat carefully. His mother and aunt were in the sitting-room, and he stepped softly, hoping they would not come out; but his mother looked out into the kitchen. "Where you goin'?" she inquired.

Jonas blushed beautifully like a girl. Then he laughed. "Oh, I ain't goin' far," he replied, putting on his hat and passing out under the grape-vine.

Jane and Elvira sat up until he returned, although it was quite late. They heard his step out in the yard, and were alert when he came in. He was radiant. He stood in the door looking at them and smiling. "Well?" said his mother.

"I guess it's all right," said Jonas. "I shouldn't wonder if one of these days you had a daughter." His face was all pink and glowing, his yellow hair was dry, and the fluffy curls stood out around his forehead and caught the light. Elvira began to cry. His mother laughed and frowned together.

"Well, I hope you'll behave yourself an' eat somethin' now," said she.

After he had gone upstairs she went out into the kitchen to mix bread. "I guess I'll have some riz biscuit for breakfast," she said to Elvira. "He didn't eat none of them others, but I s'pose he'll eat these fast 'nough. It beats me, but I s'pose it's—*love.*" She tried to say "love" as if it were a clod of mud, but in spite of herself she said it as if it were a jewel.

DEATH OF LESTER WALLACK.

The end of Lester Wallack's public career was chronicled in Harper's Weekly a little more than three months ago (May 19). It was felt by the friends of the distinguished actor that the notable benefit performance of *Hamlet* at the Metropolitan Opera-house on the 21st of May would be the last public event associated with his name. He had passed his sixty-eighth year, and had been compelled to let the management of Wallack's Theatre go into other hands. He was lamed by gout, and there was no hope that he would ever again be brisk enough in his legs to go on the stage in character. Yet he looked strong and well as he stood there on the opera-house stage to bow his acknowledgments to the multitude which had gathered to pay tribute to him. When he spoke, his voice was strong and full, and every word of his graceful, well-turned speech was heard in the remote corners of the house, which is more than could be said of the words spoken by some of the young actors employed in the performance of Shakespeare's play. No one in the vast assemblage who saw the man then and heard his voice imagined that long before the year was finished he would die.

Yet, without suffering, his life passed away on Thursday morning, September 6th. Surrounded by his family, at his country home in Stamford, Connecticut, Lester Wallack breathed his last breath about seven o'clock that morning, after lying unconscious since an early hour of the preceding day, when he was stricken with apoplexy. It is little more than two years since he made his last appearance as an actor in this city: May 29, 1886, was the date, and the theatre was the Grand Opera-house, to which Mr. Wallack had gone as a star, supported by his own company. His acting then was spirited and forcible. His Young Marlow was as youthful as ever in demeanor, if somewhat aged in appearance. After that time, until his death, his mental force was unimpaired, and he suffered only from his familiar enemy the gout. Though his public career was ended, everybody believed he would live to enjoy the ease and freedom from care that accompanied his retirement.

There is a certain fitness in his death at this time, however, which, though it may not comfort his family in their bereavement, must force itself on the view of the public. He rests in his grave before the last change, now pending, is made which is to finally close the record of the Wallack family of actors and theatre managers. None of the children of Lester Wallack took to the stage or inherited the qualities which make theatrical management successful. He was, in an artistic sense, the last of his race—a famous one, whose names are enrolled on the records of the British stage away back in the eighteenth century. All the glories of his ancestry were reflected in him. He jealously preserved in his well-appointed theatre the traditions that had descended to him through them. Lately that theatre has passed entirely into other hands. The family name is to be supplanted by another in its doorway. The sign that for so many years was the symbol of good plays and good actors is to be taken down and destroyed. For the great public, at least, there is a certain fitness in the fact that Lester Wallack died before the change was accomplished.

Lester Wallack was the last of a race of actors in more senses than one. Many of the fictitious personages to whom he lent the buoyancy of his spirits, the grace of his person, and the perfect finish of his art will never be seen again in our time. Of a line of actors whose *forte* was the portrayal of chivalrous, dashing youth, in whom courtly manners and romantic fervor were combined, he was the last representative. He had famous qualities of his own too. He acted certain parts better than they had ever been acted before. He "created" characters that must die with him. He had little in common with the modern English school of "suppressed emotion," which is often a mere sham. The acting of Lester Wallack was full of frankness and vivacity. No one so well as he could depict the gallant soldier, the gay cavalier, the ardent lover, the mannered but jovial young Londoner of the last century. He could be serious when need be, and he gave splendid force and moving pathos to such characters as John Garth and Hugh Trevor. But other actors who remain could do these parts, while for Charles Surface, for Benedick, for Viscount de Ligny, we must wait long before a successor to Lester Wallack comes in view.

John Lester Wallack, the son of James William Wallack, was born in New York city January 1, 1820. His parents (his mother was a daughter of the famous "Irish" Johnstone) were then here on a professional visit, and the elder Wallack was acting at either the Park or the Bowery Theatre. They returned to London with the infant, their first-born, two months later.

Lester Wallack's early education was obtained in various private schools. He was at Baron House Academy, Nutcham, in Surrey, and also attended Mr. Allfree's seminary in Brighton, and here he acted Rolla in *Pizarro*, with his schoolmates as Peruvians and Spaniards, when he was fifteen years old. He intended to enter the army, was trained for that calling, and secured an officer's commission. But at the urgent request of his mother he "sold out," so as to remain with her in England. His first noteworthy appearance as an actor was at Dublin, as Don Pedro, in *Much Ado About Nothing*. He acted for some years in the various theatrical "circuits" of Great Britain. He made so good a name for himself (the name he honored on the stage in those days and long afterward was Lester) that Benjamin Webster engaged him as a member of the famous company employed at the Haymarket Theatre in London. There he made his first appearance November 26, 1846.

As Mr. Lester he made his first appearance on the American stage at the old Broadway Theatre, New York, September 21, 1847, acting Sir Charles Coldstream in *Used Up*. He remained two years at this house, and then acted at the famous Bowery Theatre. Afterward he was at Burton's in Chambers Street, and Niblo's, and Brougham's Lyceum, which became, September 8, 1852, Wallack's Theatre. James William Wallack was manager, and Mr. Lester was a member of the splendid company, rich in names that are cherished in the memory of old play-goers. Wallack's Theatre was removed to Broadway and Thirteenth Street (the first theatre was near the corner of Broome Street) in 1861, and Mr. Lester then became known to the public as Lester Wallack. Another removal uptown was made in 1882; on the 4th of January in that year the house that is hereafter to be known as Palmer's Theatre was opened. In 1864 James William Wallack died, and Lester Wallack then became the manager of Wallack's in name, as he had been for several years in fact.

Edward A. Dithmar.

ELECTIONEERING IN GEORGIA.

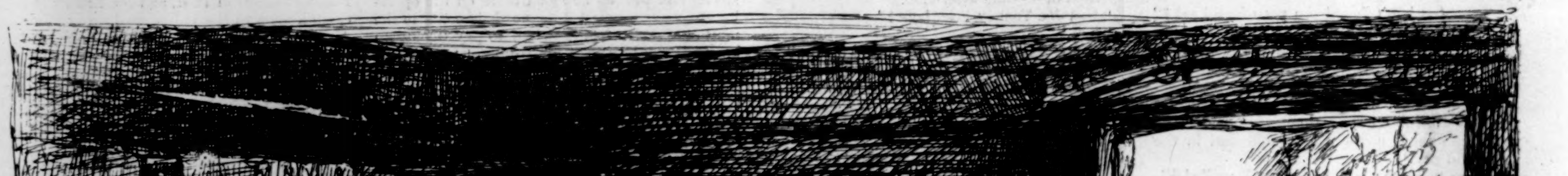
Some of the older "before the war" ways still exist in upper Georgia. It would be somewhat of romancing to insist that there are people there who do not know of Lee's surrender, or that General Jackson may not still want their votes. Novel-writers have told us a great deal that is curious in regard to the Tennesseeans who live on the slopes of the mountain, and though the Georgian of the same elevated ranges is of an identical race, he has had greater advantages than the Tennesseean. His country is more accessible. The railroads have cut through his section, and he knows rather more of the ways of the world. The soliciting of votes, the man who wants the place going in person to drum up his constituents, used to be a time-honored custom in both Georgia and the Carolinas. It is a relic of the older English habits. Judge Longstreet, in his *Georgia Scenes*, describes in the happiest way the manners of these people. It is not supposable that the politician has a very easy time of it. It is not as in England, where the member of Parliament (with a clever election agent) need only kiss such babies as have their faces washed. In this mountain region the men are quick and able-witted. They may have their personal prejudices, but the main political questions are not to be disturbed by sophistries. The political solicitor may have to rough it. Votes are scattered in places not readily accessible. The man who wants to be sheriff of the county, or to represent his district at Atlanta, if he hails from these mountain districts, must know everybody. The artist has drawn the politician in a mountaineer's cabin with an audience. All are intent on his words. Even the baby may not be asleep. There are not many chairs, but he is installed in one of them. The logs the house is made of, let in the pure air, as does the open door. The politician may have to talk a good deal before he is convincing. If he is thirsty he may take a drink of water from the pail, which has a gourd in it. With open-handed hospitality all that these poor people have will be at the disposal of the guest. A man who gets a majority in these mountain districts certainly earns his place. Voters do not troop up to the polls following the orders of their boss, and it may be all for the best that they have a will of their own.

THE LATE LESTER WALLACK.—From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 695.]

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF VERMONT.—From a Photograph by Harlow, Montpelier.

GOVERNOR DILLINGHAM.

William Paul Dillingham, who will succeed Ebenezer J. Ormsbee as Governor of the State of Vermont, having been elected by a handsome Republican majority, comes from a stock which has always played an important part in the politics of the Green Mountain State. Mr. Dillingham is forty-five years old, and a resident of Waterbury, where he was born. His father, who a number of years ago was Governor of Vermont, is still alive. Having received a careful education, Mr. Dillingham entered the law office of the late Senator Matt H. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, and was a diligent student for a number of years. Going back to Vermont, he was admitted to the bar in 1867. At once, through attention to his profession and his legal capacity, he secured a handsome business. For a number of years he paid little attention to politics. In 1874, under Governor Peck, he became Secretary of Civil and Military Affairs. Having filled the position with ability, he now came more conspicuously before the people, and served in both branches of the State Legislature. In 1882, with the passing of the Corporation Tax Law, Mr. Dillingham was made Commissioner of Taxes, a duty requiring close attention, and one by no means easy to fill. As State Attorney for Washington County he at once attracted attention for his ability, not only of a business character, but for legal acumen. In the election of September 5th Mr. Dillingham was the recipient of a large number of votes, the majority in his favor being nearly 27,000. The Governor-elect will assume the chair on the 3d of October next. Mr. Dillingham has always been an earnest advocate of education and temperance, and is well known in the State for his speeches on both these vital topics.



ELECTIONEERING IN GEORGIA—A CANDIDATE PLEADING FOR A MOUNTAINEER'S VOTE.—[See Page 695.]

A STORMY SITTING.—DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUARD.—[SEE PAGE 698.]

THE STENOGRAPHER IN BABEL.

The man whom M. Renouard has drawn for us was one of the best stenographers of the House of Representatives. He is recently dead, but he stands as a type of very skilful and industrious men. The corps of stenographers in the House is composed of five men. They are appointed by the Speaker, and serve during his pleasure. This means generally that they serve for life, and within five years two of the most competent of the corps have died. Each of these stenographers, or, as they are styled, "Official Reporters of the House of Representatives," receives a salary of $5000 a year. Out of that he must pay an assistant, whose duty it is to read and transcribe the notes of the chief. The "Official Reporters" take their notes in turn, each one working a certain length of time, depending a good deal upon the importance and briskness of the discussion. Fifteen minutes is about the average time during which a stenographer works on a speech, and then he goes down-stairs to the story of the Capitol which is below the two Chambers, the rotunda, and the statuary-room. The stenographers have a room on a level with the crypt, and there they read their notes to their assistants and have them transcribed. The copy furnished by the stenographer is sent to the office of the Public Printer, where the *Record* is set up and printed. Proof slips are sent during the evening to each member taking part in the day's discussion, and are corrected to suit the speaker's modified mood. Generally long speeches, unless they have been previously written out, are held for revision by those who delivered them. In nearly every case the speech made in the heat of the debate is changed to conform to the temper of the maker as he sits in his family circle in the calm of the evening. There is a good deal of objection made by the newspapers to this practice, but the objection is generally based upon the fact that a hot-headed orator has said something that will not stand cold type, and has softened his expressions to polite forms, so that the printed speech does not disgrace him. There is no public wrong done by such a change. The arguments on the public question are not weakened, while the personalities of a hot debate are eliminated from its literature. Whatever wrong is done by changing the spoken words so that they shall appear to advantage on the printed page is to individuals. Sometimes in the course of a discussion personalities will be exchanged. An unscrupulous man will modify his own expressions in order that his opponent will have no visible ground for his retorts. This sort of thing has been done, but not by men of consequence. Honorable members of Congress will not take such a mean advantage of an opponent. Some good has been done by the power of members over the proof slips of their speeches. Quarrels have been buried with the day in which the angry words that bred them were uttered. It is better that hasty words should be left out than that they should be perpetuated in the *Congressional Record*. Mr. Morrison once prevented a duel by convincing both participants in an angry discussion on the floor of the House of Representatives that they should strike their words from the *Record*.

The stenographer who is taking a debate has often a most difficult task. In M. Renouard's picture the "Official Reporter" who is on duty is meeting one of his emergencies. The House is in an uproar. Some speaker has made a statement which has aroused his opponents, or, what is more probable, the incident has occurred in the course of a debate under the five-minute rule, when a dozen members are trying to finish their remarks at the expense of one another, or when the discussion has broken down and become a general wrangle. Then members clinch their fists to emphasize remarks which no one hears except the man who utters them, but each of which is of the profoundest importance to its author. The tower of Babel, the New York Stock-Exchange, the Wheat Pit in Chicago, a newspaper office on election night, are not more full of screaming, unintelligible men than is the House of Representatives on such an occasion as M. Renouard has pictured. Then the "Official Reporter" who is on duty quits his seat below the Speaker's desk, and moves up the main aisle. He walks between a double row of shaking fists, and his trained ear catches all that is possible of the screaming. This man is answering that man, and that man the other, so that it is not strange if the stenographer gets the wrong answers and inappropriate replies. Still no one could make articulate sounds and reasonably consecutive discussion out of the wild Babel except this disciplined man, to whom it is amusement as well as work, and who, put to his metal, feels the joy somewhat akin to the stern joy that warriors feel in foemen worthy of their steel. The most of what is uttered by the owners of these shaking fists and nervous clutching fingers will be in the *Record* on the following day. If the stenographer fails to catch an important point, it will be supplied by the member who uttered it, when the proof slips are submitted to him in the evening after the House has adjourned for the day. It is a hard, nerve-wearing task that this stenographer is performing, and he cannot last long under the strain. There are no old men among the stenographers of the House. The "Official Reporters" who live to a good old age are those who set down the few sedate speeches which are made in the Senate. There is more opportunity for a stenographer to rest in that body, on account of the prevalence there of the fashion of reading speeches. The habit is also creeping into the House of Representatives, but the five-minute debate when a bill is under consideration by sections has no place for an essay, and so long as the rule continues, the "Official Reporter" must have an ear trained to the translation to intelligible words of what appears to be the merest sound and fury.

THE BITING TONGUE.

Slander attacks us from behind. The bite is rarely felt unless it is malignant and persistent. Disease, too, often steals upon us through a vital channel. The air we breathe affects the lungs—if it be malarious it enters the blood, if it changes too quickly in the temperature it produces disease of the throat, etc. Whether Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is taken to prevent or to remedy the various forms of disease produced by miasma, such as intermittent fever, dumb ague, ague cake, or bilious remittent, it is and ever has proved to be an effective and thorough remedy—one which does not only ameliorate the symptoms of the maladies of this type, but eradicates their cause. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, bladder and kidney troubles are among the humanity-afflicting troubles which it promptly relieves and ultimately removes.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. Shayne, manufacturer of Seal-skin Garments, newest styles, and all leading fashionable furs, 103 Prince Street, New York. Fashion-book mailed free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

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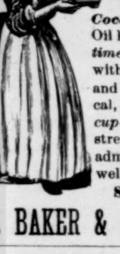

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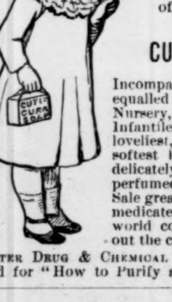

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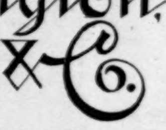

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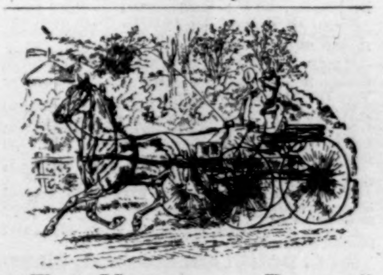

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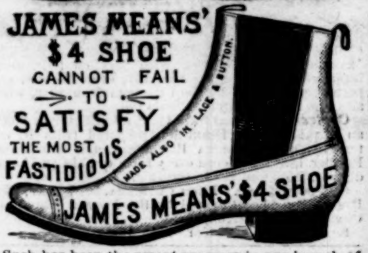

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It is a protection against colds, catarrh, rheumatism and malaria.

Manufactured in all styles for Men, Women and Children. For sale by all leading merchants. Catalogue, with prices, sent on application.

Warner Bro's, 359 Broadway, N. Y.
Branch, 257 State St., Chicago.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

The Stomach Water of the American Continent.

A PERSON WHO LIVED FOR YEARS UPON TEA AND CRACKERS EATS BACON, CABBAGE, AND TURNIPS.

Case of Mr. C——, stated by Dr. John C. Coleman, a Retired Surgeon of the United States Navy, Scottsburg, Virginia.

"Mr. C—— was for a number of years the victim of a most distressing form of Dyspepsia, *unable to eat meat or vegetables, and lived entirely upon* Tea *and* Crackers, Bread *and* Milk, *and other similar articles*, which were frequently *thrown off* in *an undigested state* soon after being taken into the stomach, and at times he discharged from an empty stomach a strongly *acid* glairy mucus. A persistent exhibition of all remedies supposed to be indicated in the case proved unavailing. His general health became prostrated and he was compelled to abandon all effort to attend to his business pursuits. In this condition he was put upon Buffalo Lithia Water, the beneficial effects of which were soon evident. Under the continued use of the Water there was a continued gradual improvement until, at the expiration of some two months, he ate with *perfect impunity* Bacon, Cabbage, and Turnips *and other of the coarsest articles of diet.* Now after a lapse of several years he is a man of robust health attending actively to business affairs. I will add that Buffalo Water is with us considered a domestic remedy, and is kept in almost every house."

Water in Cases of One Dozen Half-Gallon Bottles, $5 per Case at the Springs.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor,
Buffalo Lithia Springs, Virginia.

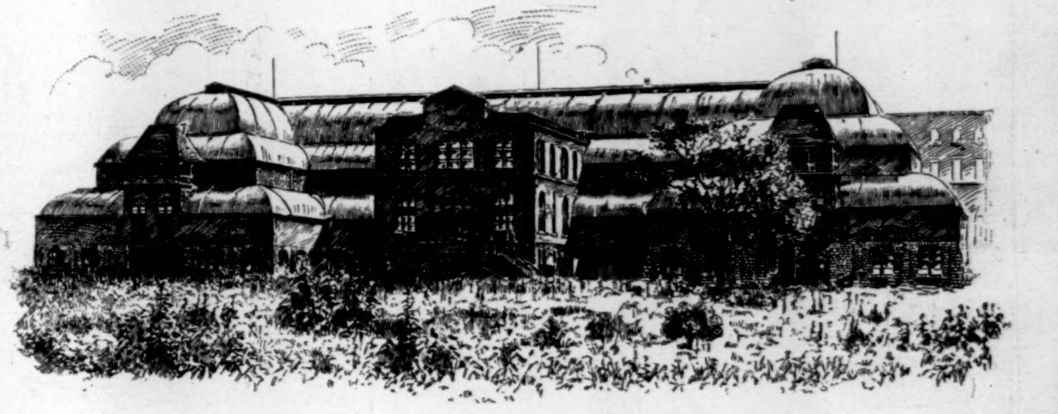
THE GATEWAY OF KANSAS.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

WHILE driving across a part of the new salt fields at Hutchinson, Kansas, a short time ago, I saw a number of men moving about on the Arkansas River bank, a mile east. I asked what they were doing.

"Why, don't you know?" said one of the gentlemen with me; "they are laying out a new addition to Kansas City!"

As Hutchinson is half-way across the great State of Kansas, this assertion, grotesquely exaggerated as it seems to be, may in reality be taken as an indication of the manner in which the Western people look upon the growth of Kansas City during the past five years. My friend's joke was by no means original with him, yet it more clearly expressed his opinion of Kansas City than any demonstration of statistics and Board of Trade reports that could be prepared, and it showed too, in an indirect way, the unquestioning public confidence in Kansas City's future. When a city reaches that point where her friends joke about her progress, her future is secure. So great has been Kansas City's growth that her people look upon it with a kind of awe, and speak about it as a tangible thing separate and apart from themselves. It is a curious characteristic of many Kansas City men that they seem to regard their city's wealth and population as purely foreign elements that have grown up without local aid while the inhabitants were asleep. This touch of bewilderment is only natural, for few people—and least of all the old inhabitant—can realize the really wonderful progress of this gateway of the Kansas plains. Travellers who saw it years ago remember it as a hopeless, heart-broken little place, grovelling in the dirt of the Missouri River bottoms, and struggling feebly to surmount the clay banks and bluffs that overlooked the steam-boat landing. The town was originally settled as a landing-point for the village of Westport,



THE NATIONAL EXPOSITION BUILDING.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

which was then a place of some importance a few miles back in the country. It was meek and humble enough, even for a village landing; its ambition, if it had any, probably did not presume to go beyond a semi-weekly river mail and a scattering of country stores. The idea was never for a moment considered that a great city would one day be built upon the hilly country back of the bluffs. It was at best an unlikely and inconvenient spot for a city, especially as any amount of good level ground could be had for the mere taking in localities apparently equally as available for business and residence purposes. There is no accounting for the location of some cities, any more than there is for various bewildering freaks of nature, and in this instance it would be difficult to say why chance should have selected Kansas City as the commercial centre in preference to Leavenworth and Atchison. The Kansas City man will say that it was because Kansas City was the natural gateway to the Western plains. So was Leavenworth; so was Atchison. In fact for many years Leavenworth was the most important point on the Kansas border. Few persons were so reckless of public opinion as to declare that muddy little Kansas City would one day tower above her in population and commercial importance. On the surface of things there was only one reason why Kansas City should have an advantage over her neighbors, and that was the fact that upward-bound steamboats on the Missouri River touched the Kansas border for the first time at the Kansas City landing. Kansas City was a sort of headquarters, therefore, for persons on their way to the plains, whether for peaceful agriculture or red-handed war. In the troubled days before the war Kansas City was the cradle of the border raiders, who sprinkled the Kansas soil with blood until the question at issue was brought to the test of war.

The Santa Fe trail carried some business to Kansas City, but in that matter she was hardly able to rival Independence and Westport, which did the bulk of the trade. The prominence given her by the border raiders diverted most of her Santa Fe trade to Leavenworth, where there was comparative quiet and security. The war period, which followed close upon the border troubles, had a decided tendency toward reducing Kansas City's population. The people were divided upon the question of slavery, and so bitter was the feeling among them, and so disregardful of the laws did many of them become, that Mr. R. T. VAN HORN, the Unionist mayor, was compelled to call for United States troops to keep the peace. When at length the slavery question was settled beyond dispute in 1865, and Kansas City began to patch together the broken pieces of her interrupted life, her population was not more than 3500—a forlorn and ragged nucleus for the building of a great city.

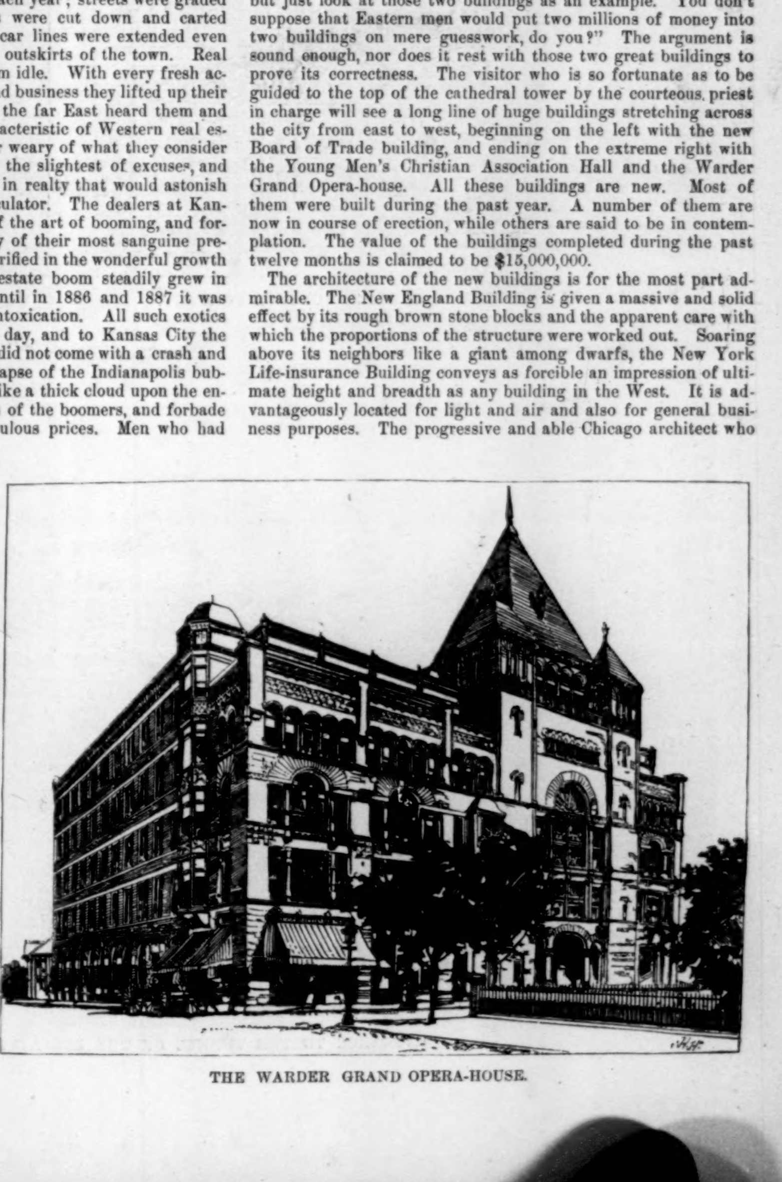
The years immediately following the war were the most important in Kansas City's history. The most noteworthy event of that period was the completion of the Missouri Pacific Railroad to Kansas City from St. Louis. This gave the people a quick outlet to the East, and brought thousands of inhabitants to the hilly country above the clay banks. For the first time Kansas City felt that she might become a place of some size and importance. The people were by no means slow to appreciate their advantages, and from that time on they made constant efforts to widen the scope of their commercial transactions. Other railroads quickly followed the Missouri Pacific in helping Kansas City extend her trade, with such excellent result that in 1870 the population had increased to 32,286, which was an increase of about 28,000 in ten years. This wonderful growth attracted attention in all parts of the country, and had it not been for the panic of 1873 the city would no doubt have more than doubled her population in the succeeding decade; but even with the paralyzing influences of the panic, which continued until well into 1876, the census returns of 1880 showed a total of 55,813 persons in the city. Then began a growth and a general upward movement little short of magical. Thousands of people crowded into the city to engage in business and find permanent homes; hundreds of stores, business blocks, and private houses were built each year; streets were graded and paved; clay banks were cut down and carted away bodily, and street-car lines were extended even to the corn fields in the outskirts of the town. Real estate men were far from idle. With every fresh accession of population and business they lifted up their voices so that people in the far East heard them and wondered. It is a characteristic of Western real estate men that they never weary of what they consider well-doing. Give them the slightest of excuses, and they will create a boom in realty that would astonish even a Wall Street speculator. The dealers at Kansas City were masters of the art of booming, and fortunately for them, many of their most sanguine predictions were speedily verified in the wonderful growth of the city. The real estate boom steadily grew in strength and promise, until in 1886 and 1887 it was delirious with its own intoxication. All such exotics must have an end some day, and to Kansas City the end came last year. It did not come with a crash and a whirlwind of disaster, like the collapse of the Indianapolis bubble of 1873; it simply settled down like a thick cloud upon the enthusiastic hopes and hilarious spirits of the boomers, and forbade further sales of corn fields at ridiculous prices. Men who had abandoned their legitimate callings to engage in the feverish land gambling returned to sober and honest ways of life when there were no more credulous persons to sell corn field lots to, and responsible dealers who had for the time being gone crazy with every one else turned their attention to that nightmare of broken booms, the quarterly payments. This year is therefore an anxious one to Kansas City. If a thousand or more men go to the wall under the burden of these payments, it will do Kansas City no good, and perhaps some real harm. So far this year these overburdened men have clung to their property with a desperation akin to despair, and have made their payments promptly and even cheerfully. They realize more forcibly than any one can the necessity for hanging to their inflated property. If they allowed that property to go to a foreclosure sale they would be ruined; for who, pray, could be blind enough now to buy corn-field property at high-water prices? If these men can tide over the present grisly period, and make their payments with some degree of regularity, they will come out whole in time, as there can be no question whatever that eventually this corn-field property will actually be worth the fancy prices set upon it by the boom. It will not be this year; it may not be next year.

Strange and unreasonable as it may seem to the Kansas City man, the collapse of the real estate boom has had a beneficial effect upon Kansas City property. It showed what property had an actual value and what had a mere speculative price. Property on the business streets, and houses and lots that come under the generic head of "inside property," did not feel the effects of the wrecked boom. Few transfers of inside property are being made now, to be sure, but prices are practically as strong as they were during the boom. No owner of inside property will sell unless he gets his price. The fact that this inside property has not decreased materially in value shows the genuineness of the city's prosperity, and the unshakable faith of the people in the future value of their possessions. Nothing but the collapse of a boom or a period of financial depression will show the actual condition of a growing city.

A still more significant indication of the solidity of Kansas City's progress is the fact that when the land boom was stopped, building kept on as briskly as ever. Men who had money enough to build with apparently looked upon the disaster to the boom as a mere incident naturally arising from the forced conditions of efflorescent growth. Almost without exception the building has been of an extensive and costly nature.

Few cheap structures have been put up in Kansas City within the past five years. The bulk of the building has been done by wealthy men and large corporations. Hundreds of thousands of dollars of Eastern capital are invested in Kansas City buildings. Nearly $2,000,000 are invested in the New England Building and the New York Life-insurance Building alone. Kansas City men say, "Well, you outsiders and conservative Eastern folks may talk as you please about mushroom growth and cheap investments; but just look at those two buildings as an example. You don't suppose that Eastern men would put two millions of money into two buildings on mere guesswork, do you?" The argument is sound enough, nor does it rest with those two great buildings to prove its correctness. The visitor who is so fortunate as to be guided to the top of the cathedral tower by the courteous priest in charge will see a long line of huge buildings stretching across the city from east to west, beginning on the left with the new Board of Trade building, and ending on the extreme right with the Young Men's Christian Association Hall and the Warder Grand Opera-house. All these buildings are new. Most of them were built during the past year. A number of them are now in course of erection, while others are said to be in contemplation. The value of the buildings completed during the past twelve months is claimed to be $15,000,000.

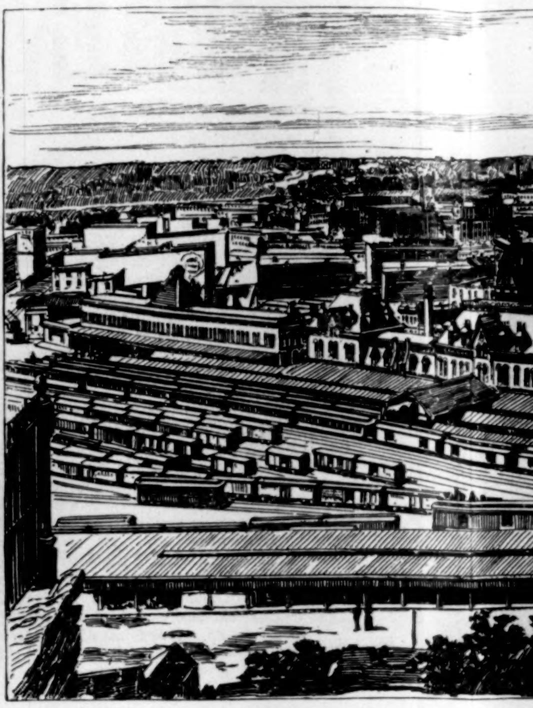
The architecture of the new buildings is for the most part admirable. The New England Building is given a massive and solid effect by its rough brown stone blocks and the apparent care with which the proportions of the structure were worked out. Soaring above its neighbors like a giant among dwarfs, the New York Life-insurance Building conveys as forcible an impression of ultimate height and breadth as any building in the West. It is advantageously located for light and air and also for general business purposes. The progressive and able Chicago architect who



THE WARDER GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

NEW ENGLAND BUILDING.

BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING.



PACKING-HOUSE DIST

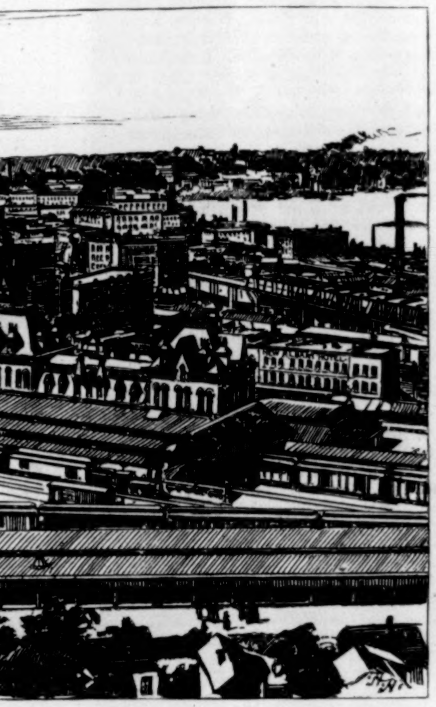
BUILDING OF THE NEW YORK LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY.

FROM THE TOWER OF TH

ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL OF THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

JUNCTION OF NINTH AN

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.—From Phot



DISTRICT.

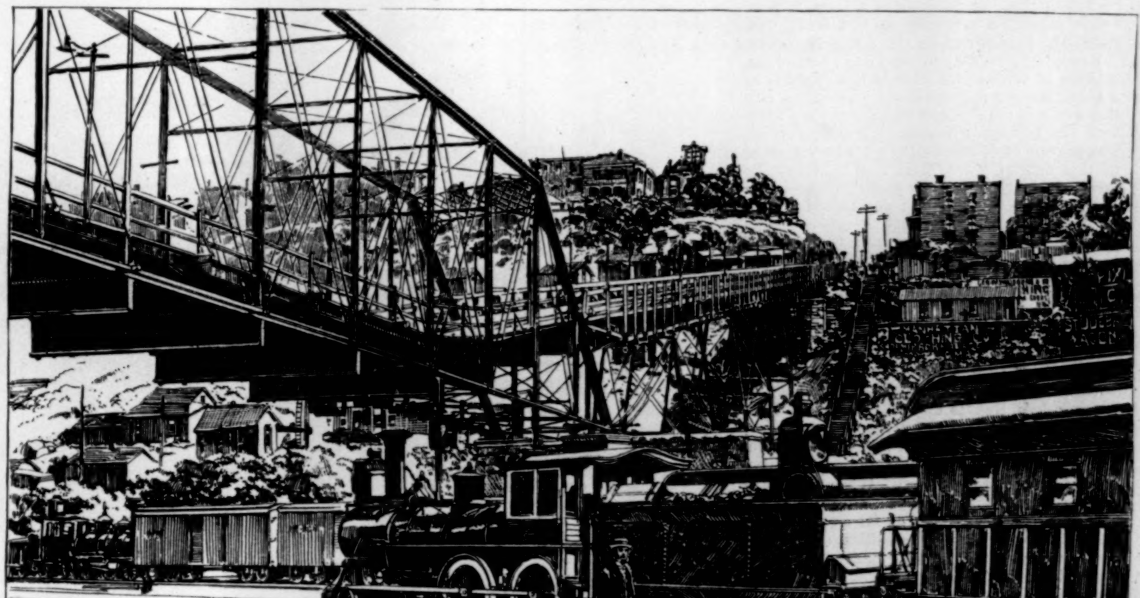
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

POST-OFFICE.

THE CATHEDRAL.

KANSAS CITY CLUB-HOUSE.

AND MAIN STREETS.



NINTH STREET CABLE RAILWAY INCLINE.

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